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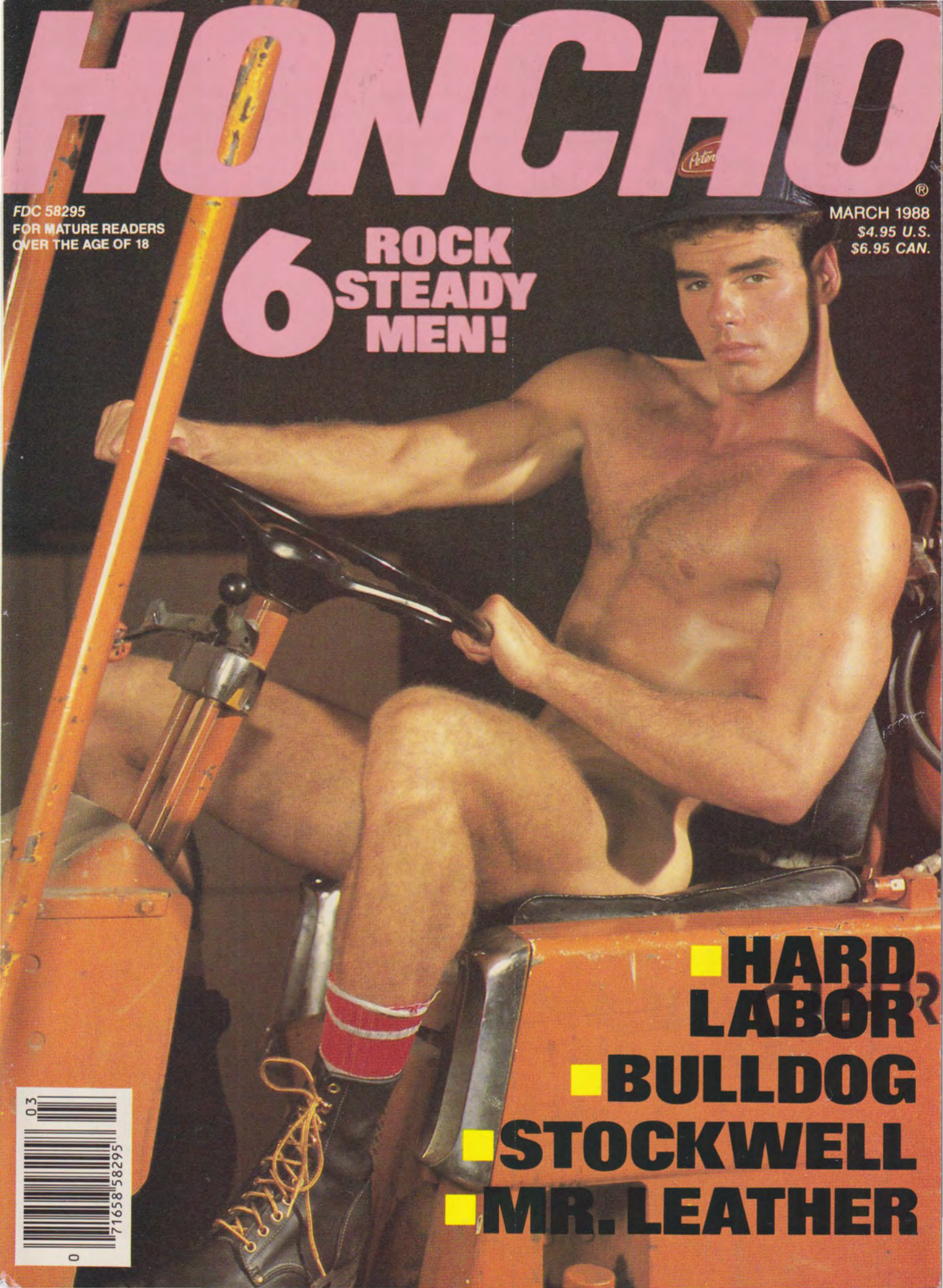

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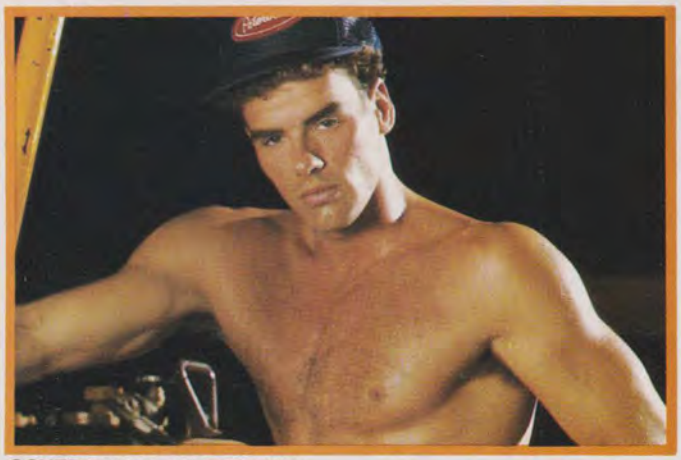

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THE SPERM OF GOD

BY MATTHEW CANTICLE
PHOTOS BY CHRIS MORRIS

It was nearly dawn. In the jungle the birds and the monkeys signaled the morning with a symphony of song and screech. Lying snug in my hammock at the campground, just a kilometer from the Mayan ruins at Palenque, I wondered if I really wanted to get up. But a tiny voice in my head kept saying, "Now, now, you know your Mexican adventure will not be complete without a daybreak visit to the magic mushroom fields. Get your ass in gear if you want the pick of the crop." After disentangling myself from my sleeping bag and completing the somewhat tricky maneuver of getting out of my hammock, I made my way to the bathrooms (if cold-water showers and toilets without seats are deserving of that name.)

As I walked over the still-damp grass, I thought I was the first to arise, but as I got nearer I could hear the sound of running water. "Let's check it out," I thought as I walked into a toilet opposite the occupied shower stall. His back was to me. The first thing I noticed was

his ass—round, firm, and wet. "Not bad." Then he turned and faced me. "Not bad at all!" There is, after all, something to be said for the casual nature of Mexican facilities. We exchanged greetings and I tried not to be too obvious as I checked out his cock, which hung in generous proportion from a triangle of curly blond hair. I focused on his face—handsomely chiseled and punctuated by piercing, ice-blue eyes. My gaze followed his hands as they lathered first his muscular chest (nipples erect from the cold), then his firm stomach, and on down the faint line of hair from his navel to his inviting crotch. Was it my imagination or was his cock getting bigger as he rubbed the soap around it and between his legs?

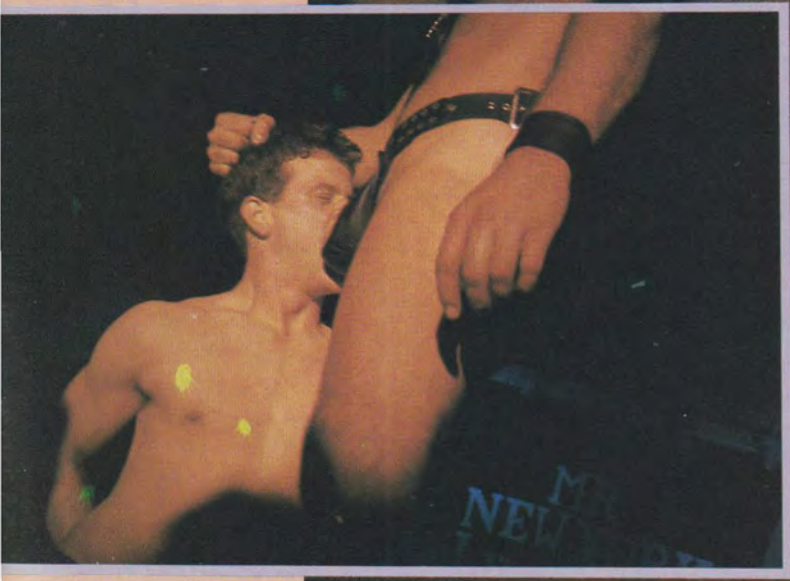
"Well, well, maybe later," I thought as I pulled up my shorts, concealing my already stiffening

Continued to page 59

Mr. Leather New York

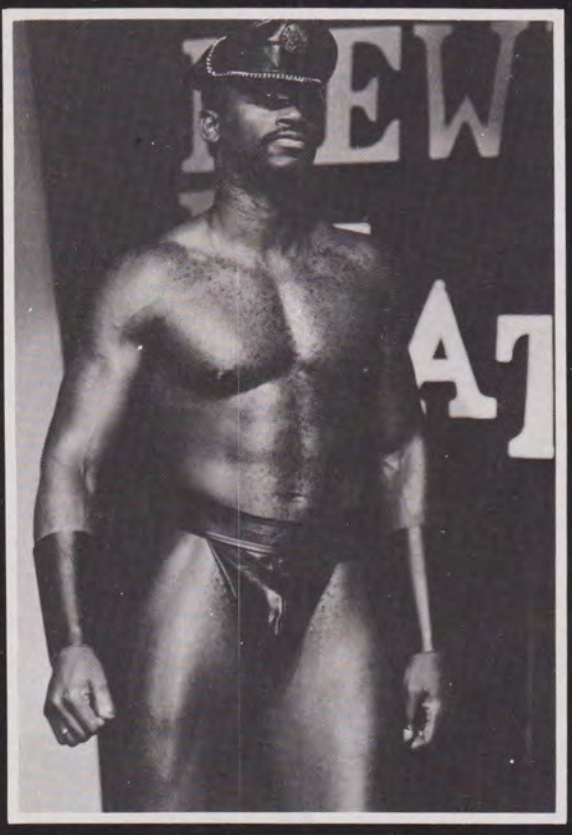
November 14, 1987—
PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

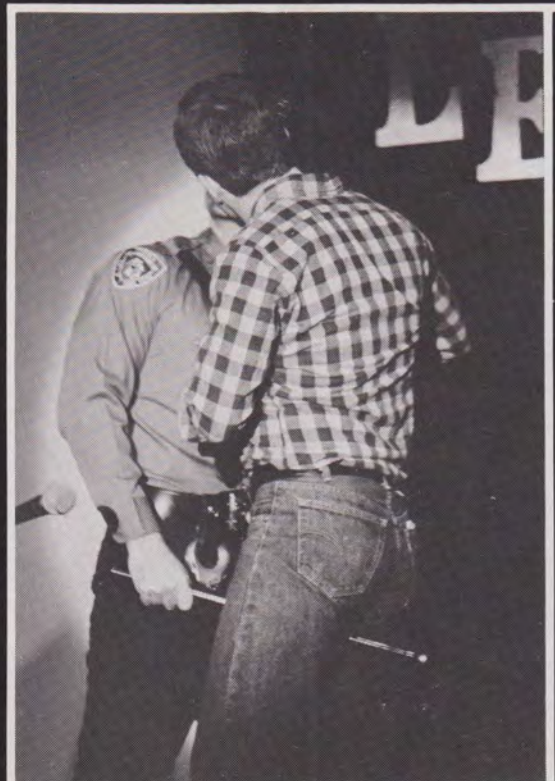
Hundreds of the east coast's hottest leather folk came together at New York City's only all gay dance club, Tracks, for a get down benefit contest to choose Mr.

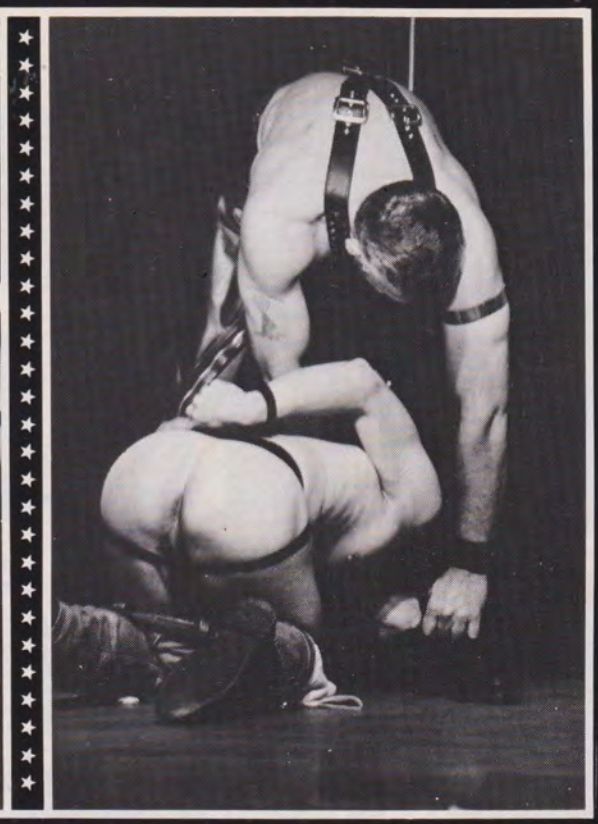


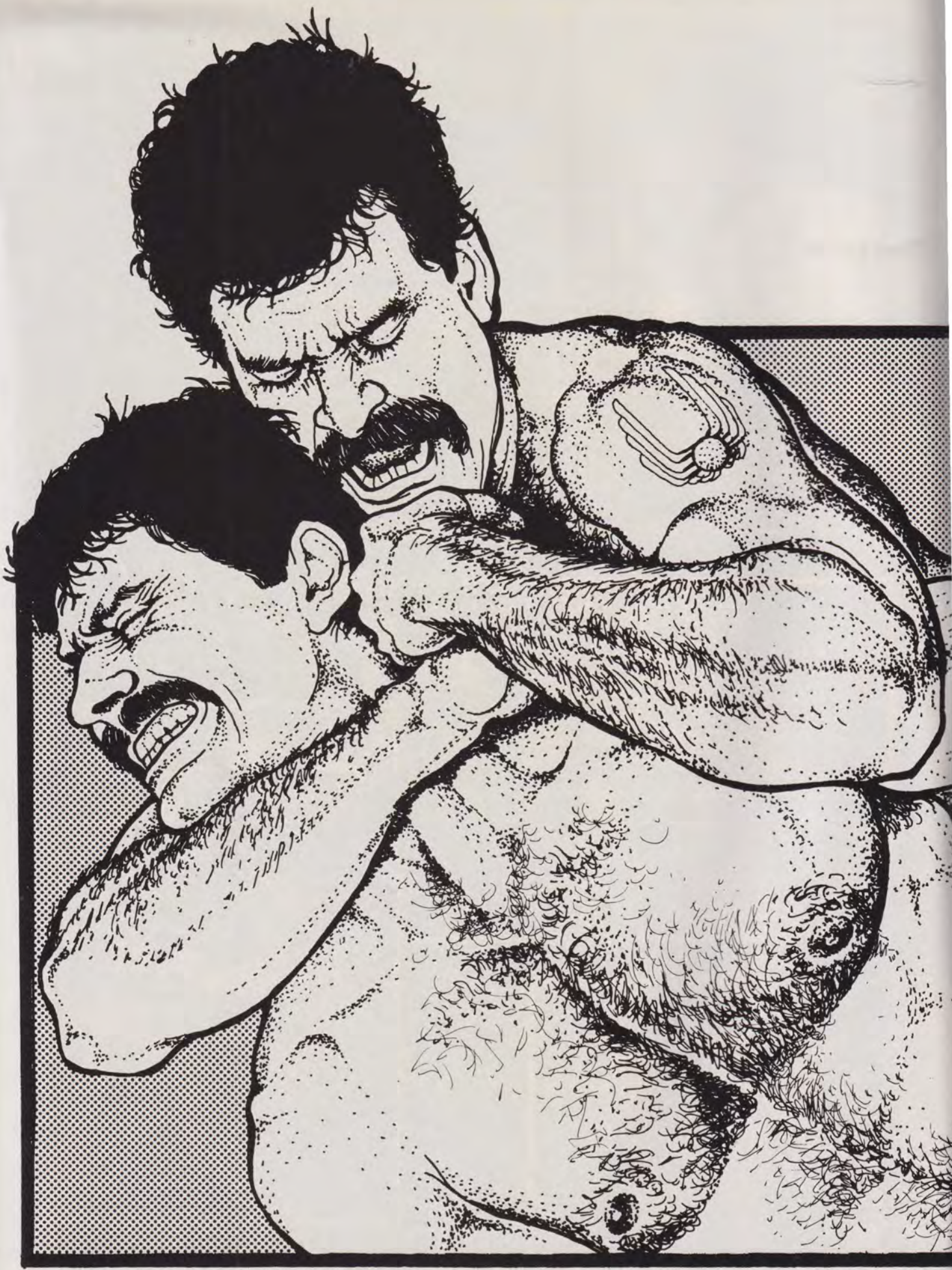
MR

Leather New York 1987. With profits from the evening going to various AIDS organizations, considering contestants like these, and with entertainment by small screen personality Empress Sybil Bruncheon, Chris Burns, and Kecia Lewis-Evans, the evening was well worth the spit polish. Winning over the audience and the title was daddy Ken Bergquist. In first place, by no means a poor showing, was the beefy Mitch Davis, a member of Dreizehn, Boston's leather activist fraternity, followed closely, with a riding crop, by fantasy man John Scancarella.









DITCHDIGGIN' BUDDIES

BY PETER F. WHITMAN
ART BY R.A. WHITE

Stavros was an ex-wrestler and had a massive frame to prove it. But he was the only guy on the crew who was somewhat shy about stripping down when it got really hot outside. I would have given my right arm to see that Greek animal completely in the raw.

The hot summer sun shone down on my sweaty, semi-naked body. I dug my shovel into the ground and felt my biceps tense up. Working on a road repair crew gave me the chance to show off my muscular physique, which had defined from years of manual labor. I was especially proud of my beefy chest and how each pectoral looked like a tanned mountain of flesh. On that day at least a dozen passing motorists ogled my well-defined torso and gawked at my hairy, tree-trunk legs. I threw a lat spread for one cute guy just so he'd have something to think about that night when he masturbated.

When I masturbated, I usually thought about the Greek hunk on our crew. My secret fantasy was to have him shove his dick up my butt and tongue-bathe every inch of my hulking frame. Stavros was an ex-wrestler and had a massive build to prove it. But he was the only guy on the crew who was somewhat shy about stripping down when it got really hot outside. Other guys on the crew teased him about his oversized muscles, but not me. I would've given my right arm to see that Greek animal completely in the raw. It had become my obsession.

I had just started breaking pieces of cement with a heavy hammer when I saw Stavros heading my way. As he passed by to get one of the hydraulic drills, I tensed up my stomach muscles until every washboard cut quivered with razor-sharp definition. He smiled; he knew what I craved.

"Whatcha' doin' for lunch?" he mumbled, grabbing the heavy drill with one hand, which caused a snake-like vein in his biceps to undulate. Perspiration glistened on his beautiful golden-brown face. He brushed the curls away from his forehead as he waited for my answer.

"Just eatin' my sandwich over there in the shade," I said casually, pointing to a stand of trees about 500 yards away. Trying to hide my burgeoning erection, I shifted my weight and scratched my thigh with the hammer. Suddenly, the mushroom head of my dick popped out of my cut-offs.

The Greek Adonis touched the cold metal end of the drill to my sticky cockhead and, walking away, called over his shoulder, "See you for lunch."

I turned around when I heard him pulling off his jockstrap. His hairy balls hung a third of the way down his thighs, and sticking straight up twice as far as that was the longest , thickest tool I had ever seen in my life.

I didn't know whether I would survive until lunchtime. The hours seemed endless, but my cock never lost its hardness. A few minutes after noon, I grabbed my sandwich and headed for the isolated meeting place. I found Stavros doing pull-ups from a tree branch. I had never seen such massive shoulders, such well-toned arms. This guy would put Hercules to shame, I thought to myself.

"That's some bod you got there," I said, interrupting his count.

"Thanks. I try to stay in shape," he answered modestly. "You're no slouch yourself."

I unconsciously flexed my tits in response to his compliment. My chest was big, but certainly no match for Stavros'. I had to fight to control a sudden urge to rip his shirt off.

"You know, I've been watchin' you since the day I came to work on the crew," he began, jumping down from the tree limb and stretching out on the grass. "And I know you've been mentally undressin' me almost every day."

"Oh, come on, Stavros, it's not what—"

"Lemme finish," he interrupted, pulling up his shirt and scratching his belly. "I'm as much into your bod as you're into mine, and I'd like to make it with you," he said resolutely. "But I gotta tell you, being a wrestler I dig sweaty competition. So if you wanna have me, you gotta wrestle me right here and now. Winner takes all."

"Wow, that sounds fuckin' hot!" I gasped, one of my most favorite fantasies about to become reality.

"I could tell from watchin' you lift those heavy pieces of cement last week that you like physical challenges," he said, removing his pants. "Anyone with a bod like yours craves a chance to show off what he can do with it."

Accepting the challenge, I yanked off my cut-offs and stood tall before him. He gave me a shove to get the action going, and before long we were locked in combat. We worked up quite a sweat. I managed to get him on his stomach and sat down on top of his ass long enough to get a glimpse of his V-shaped back, heaving with his struggle to throw me off.

"You're a powerful S.O.B.," he grunted, thrusting himself off the ground, throwing me onto my back, and falling on top of me. I had a tight hold on his cock, and the more force I applied, the harder it got. His Greek prong had to be at least twelve inches! I tried to pull it out of his sweaty jockstrap, but Stavros spun around and pinned me to the ground.

"Thought you had me there, huh?" he said with the smugness of a seasoned athlete. He pressed his meaty pecs against mine. My silver-dollar-sized nipples were so hard I could feel them stabbing into his.

"I'm gettin' inside this big basket of yours if it's the last thing I do!" he said, and quickly ripped the elastic of my jockstrap off my butt. I felt a finger exploring my perspiring crack, tentatively at first. Then he shoved it all the way up into me, a warning of what was to come.

I writhed around in the dirt trying to escape his hold, but it was futile. The Mediterranean muscleman wrapped his tree-trunk legs around mine and bore down on my face with his left deltoid. I knew I was licked.

Stavros yanked out my dick and squeezed it victoriously. "I wanna fuck you nice and slow so you can feel every inch of me," he said, flipping me over to gain access to my smooth, white ass.

I turned around when I heard him pulling off his jockstrap. His hairy balls hung a third of the way down his thighs, and sticking straight up twice as far as that was the longest, thickest tool I had ever seen in my life.

"Fuck me, Stavros! Fuck me!" I begged.

I couldn't stand the suspense of waiting to see if I could take that enormous rod up my ass. I wailed when Stavros took the plunge, stretching my sphincter almost beyond endurance and ripping his way deep into my guts.

"Your ass is so tight, so wet and warm inside," he cooed. "It grips my cock like it likes it in there."

I sucked in lungfuls of air as I struggled to accommodate his invasion. I was amazed when I felt him growing even bigger as inch after inch disappeared inside me, until I could feel his wiry pubic hair against my flattened cheeks.

"Pump that Greek rod into me, Stavros. Pump it!"

He pulled his cock back as far as it would go without popping out of my ass and then drove it back in again.

"Oh, man, that feels great," he whispered, "just great."

After only a couple of long, hard strokes, he climaxed, screwing his cock into my butt and shooting a gallon of creamy jizm into me.

I let out an extended sigh. I had never been fucked with such raw brutality, by such an enormous organ.

Keeping it inside my ass, Stavros straddled my buns and ran his big hands along my spinal column. His strong fingers worked my back muscles skillfully. My dick, hard-pressed into the dirt, could not wait any longer.

"Suck me off, Stavros. Suck me dry," I exhorted, craning my bull

Continued to page 21

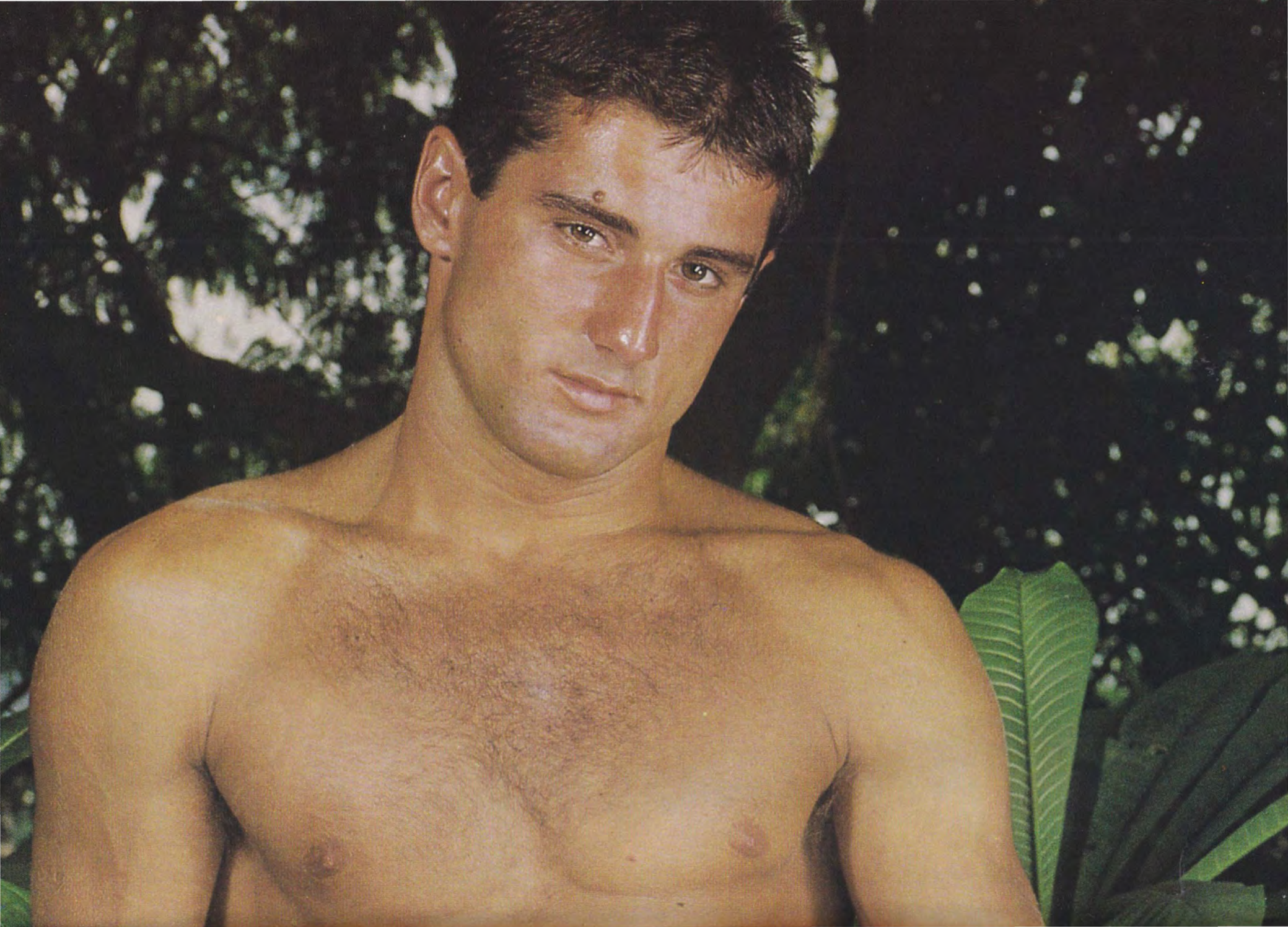
ESCAPE

He's running away with your imagination.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

ESCAPE

He'll get away with it too.



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DITCHDIGGIN'

Continued from page 12

neck to get a glimpse of his sweat-covered physique.

"Turn over and spread-eagle yourself," he commanded.

I turned over and extended my arms almost to the point of ripping them out of their sockets and held on to a couple of small tree stumps. Stavros buried his face in one of my smelly armpits and raked the hairs with his sandpaper tongue. Then he moved to my right nipple and chowed down on the swollen spike, which jutted out almost an inch from the tit base.

"Oh, that feels great, really great," I cried.

Moving on to my left nipple with his mouth, he squeezed my nuts with his hand and pulled on my cock hairs to let me know he had not forgotten about my boner. My cock had been hard for so long it was beginning to ache. But I didn't care. I knew it would be worth the wait.

Stavros ran his tongue along my left deltoid, down my chest, across my undulating stomach. He licked the glob of pre-cum that had dried in one of the cuts, then plucked out one of my pubic hairs with his teeth, and finally moved on to my shaft and bathed it in warm saliva. When his lips touched the head, I shut my eyes and prayed for enough strength to hold on just a little bit longer.

"Smoke that rod, man."

Stavros inhaled my erection until the inflated head was lodged halfway down his throat. I thrashed violently about and gasped repeatedly as he bobbed his head up and down, paying attention to my cockhead by caressing the sensitive underside with his tongue. I hollered his name at the top of my lungs as I exploded in a gut-wrenching climax. Stavros gulped down every drop of my gusher-like flow, until at last I was completely drained.

"Man, you really know how to get all worked up," he commented, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I've never seen a man as primed as you were." There was a slight gurgle in his voice from the cum he hadn't managed to swallow yet. "And you're a good sport, too. I don't know anyone else who could take my full twelve inches."

"I wasn't sure *I* could do it. But once I had it in me, I was in heaven."

"Heaven, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Wanta go there again?"

"You bet your ass."

"Right," he said with a wink. "That's what I do every time I wrestle. But I never lose."

"Oh? You asking for a rematch?"

"Yeah. Right here, right after work. If I win again, I take you home and fuck your ass all night long."

I made it to work the next day. But I was an hour late, and I couldn't sit down for a week.

And I couldn't stop smiling. ■

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BOOT CAMP BUDDY

BY ROBERT RALPH • ART BY MATT

My brother was coming home for a short visit before he had to ship out to Nam, and we were all excited about it. There was no telling when we'd see Bill again once his unit was overseas, and mother was planning a big family party. He mentioned in his letter that he was bringing home a buddy he'd met at boot camp, someone he knew we'd like, but he said nothing else about the guy.

When they got off the plane, I was overwhelmed. My brother looked older than I remembered, and his skin was tanned and weathered from all the exposure to the elements during training. His marine uniform looked great on him. But on his buddy, it looked fabulous!

"Hey, everybody," Bill announced at large, "this is my friend Jim. I want you to make him feel right at home. I'm *counting* on it."

Jim was about six feet tall, his brown hair cut very short, and his high cheekbones were still red from the last bit of sunburn that hadn't quite turned. His blue eyes went from person to person quickly as he was introduced, finally fixing on me.

"And this is my kid brother," Bill said, "who's just graduated from high school. At least, I think he graduated."

"Yeah, I did," I said.

Jim pumped my hand and gave me a macho wink and click of the cheeks. I couldn't keep my eyes off him as we headed for the car. His walk was almost a strut, that special way marines carry themselves. He looked like he'd stepped right out of a recruiting poster.

There was a big hubbub when we got home, with all the preparations for our big celebration. My folks were busy getting the dinner ready. My brother got into his civvies and made a beeline for his fiance's house. But

He sat on my stomach, straddling me, pinning me under his bulk. He reached up with one hand and touched my hair, his eyes burning a hole right through me. He was struggling with something. I hoped I knew what it was.

Jim vigorously declined Bill's offer of a blind date, having received a "Dear John" letter shortly before finishing boot camp. He was an orphan, and so my brother had invited him to spend time with us, to help cheer him up.

"Well, Jim," I said, "I guess you're kinda stuck with me. Would you like to see the place?"

"Sure," he replied. "Let me go change clothes. I want to get out of this uniform. By the way, I don't mind being stuck with you at all. I appreciate what you guys are trying to do for me."

He came out of the bedroom wearing a T-shirt and baggy shorts. The clingy cotton hugged his chest, outlining the muscles and the two lumps between his pecs where his dog tags hung. His khaki shorts came almost to his knees, revealing a pair of huge calves. He seemed to have very little body hair, and the shorts were so loose that he showed no box whatsoever.

As we walked over the "ranch," which was how we termed our small farm, he remained silent but listened attentively to my spiel. It was humid and cloudy, and after a while he pulled off the T-shirt, exposing his thick-corded chest. He slung the shirt over his shoulder and thrust his hands deep in his pockets as we walked, which pushed the shorts low and exposed his entire abdomen. A thick line of curly brown hair ran from his navel downward. It got me so excited that I could barely concentrate on anything else except making it with him.

"I'm really sorry about your girlfriend, Jim," I said.

"Thanks. She was real pretty, with curly blond hair and blue eyes . . . a real looker."

As I had curly blond hair and blue eyes, I hoped I might find some way to make myself an acceptable substitute for what he'd lost. Never hurts to try, you know.

"It's really too bad that—"

"I'd rather not talk about it if you don't mind," he interrupted, shoving the shorts even lower so that the top part of his pubic hair showed. He wasn't wearing any underwear. God, was I ever getting turned on!

"They really work you over in basic training, don't they?" I asked, changing the subject.

"It was tough, but with luck it'll keep me alive," he said succinctly.

"If I jumped you right now, what would you do?"

"I'd take you down," he chuckled.

"Sneak attack!" I cried and leaped on him.

He shoved me to the grass in a single expert move. It was so swift, I was flat on my back before I knew what had happened.

"Hey, no fair" I protested.

He sat on my stomach, straddling me, pinning me under his bulk. He reached up with one hand and touched my hair, his eyes burning a hole through me. He stroked the side of my face, his manner no longer quite so rough. He was struggling with something. I hoped I knew what it was. I writhed around, trying to free myself, my dick getting hard. I was so excited by his firm thighs gripping my sides that a prickly sensation spread over my entire body. My head was spinning. I wanted him to plant a big, wet kiss on my mouth.

"Come on, Jim, let me up," I pleaded.

I pushed upward with all the force I could muster. He pitched on his back. I wasn't sure if my effort had done it or if he was helping me. He fell with a thud, the impact springing the zipper of his shorts. His cock and balls fell out, and he lay there exposed, a ring of brown fur framing his gorgeous uncircumcised dick, which was by no means flaccid.

"Jesus!" I whispered, dying to reach out and touch it.

He leaped to his feet and quickly tucked it inside, but not before I saw it soar to full erection. At that instant, the sky let loose with a long-threatened rain. We ran back to the house, thunder and lightning chasing us all the way.

We were all up late that night, and "a good time was had by all," as they say. Jim turned in before the rest of us, and I couldn't resist stopping by his room before I went to bed. I'd stripped to my pajama bottoms. Nervously, I listened outside his door. I heard his shower go off, and then I heard him pacing around the room.

MATT

He began rocking from side to side, his full weight pressing against me. I ran my hands up and down the knotted muscles of his back and called his name over and over. The only sound coming from him was the clanking of his dog tags.

Without knocking, I quietly opened the door.

Jim was standing with his back to me, looking out at the full moon. Lost in thought, he didn't hear me come in. I tiptoed nearer.

"Sneak attack" I whispered, and leaped on his back.

He reached instinctively and with lightning speed. He grabbed my arm, spun around, and hurled me to the floor. My poorly tied pajama strings immediately came loose and at the same time his bath towel fell away, leaving him straddling me stark naked. Slightly stunned from the fall, I stared right into his crotch, at that gorgeous piece of meat and ballsac.

"Jesus, kid, are you all right?" he asked with concern, dropping on one knee to check me out. His strong hands clasped the sides of my face. "You caught me completely off guard. I— I— just did what I've been trained to do. I'm sorry if I hurt you."

He leaned over and touched my face, and his nearness and the touch of his fingertips made me shiver from head to foot. Blood rushed into my dick, and it pushed against his shin. He looked down at it and smiled. Then he gently grasped my shoulders and eased his naked body full length on mine, mashing my hard-on between our stomachs. He caressed my cheeks, touched his fingertips to my lips. Still, his indecision was as evident on his face now as it had been earlier in the field.

"It's been such a long time," he whispered.

He didn't say another word. He began rocking from side to side, his full weight pressing against me. I tried to kiss him, but he wouldn't let me. I ran my hands up and down the knotted muscles of his back and called his name over and over. The only sound coming from him was the clanking of his dog tags. Our dicks rubbed against each other, harder and harder. He gulped for air, and I fought for breath.

"Jim!" I cried suddenly, as my dick spewed cream all over us.

He began to hunch faster, dry-fucking the bejesus out of me. He poked until I thought he'd staple me to the floor with that big tool of his. I was still squirting when his cum started pouring out. The first gob splattered my chin, followed by three bursts that covered my chest. He kept raking his dick through the cum, back and forth, again and again, until the flow finally stopped and his dick began to soften.

"If I'd known I was going to make such a mess, I'd have tried to fuck you," he said. At least I thought he did. But I couldn't be sure about that last part.

Jim quickly got up, wrapped the towel around his waist, and lit a cigarette. "You better haul ass to bed," he said quietly.

"But I thought maybe I'd . . . stay here tonight . . . "

He stared at me, that same indecision furrowing his brow. Then he shook his head. "Goodnight, kid."

The rest of his visit passed quickly, and I never had another chance to be with him like that again. He made sure of that. I knew he was having trouble dealing with what had happened, so I didn't push. I just enjoyed being with him—when he wasn't running around with the girls my brother's fiance set him up with. I could have killed her for that.

When they shipped out, I started a letter-writing campaign to Jim. Some of my letters were quite lengthy; others were only brief notes. But I wrote to him regularly. He never answered, and I guess I never expected him to. But that didn't stop me. I followed the war religiously on TV and in the papers, and I kept hoping to hear from him—a card, a note, something—but I never did.

Then we heard from Bill that Jim had been shot up pretty bad in an ambush and had almost died. But he was recovering now, and when they let him out of the hospital, he'd be coming to stay with us for a while—until he got his feet on the ground. I could hardly wait.

The Jim who returned to us was different in many ways from the Jim who had left us. His experience had put youth behind him. He'd always been quiet, but now he was even more so. But it was obvious he was glad to see us. Me in particular.

He arrived late one night, looking worn out from the trip, and I helped

MATT

BOOT CAMP BUDDY

him get settled in his room. I felt he wanted to tell me something, but I couldn't quite get it out of him.

I nearly lost it when he took off his shirt and I saw the nasty shrapnel scar that ran all the way across his chest and up to one shoulder.

"It's pretty ugly, isn't it?" he said quietly, aware of my staring.

I ran my fingers over the jagged line. Then I kissed the center of it.

"Oh, God," he moaned, grabbing hold of me. "I'm so glad to see you."

He hugged me tightly. "I really appreciated your letters. They got me through it all. They helped me understand so much about myself. But only toward the end. That's why I couldn't write back."

"Sneak attack," I whispered, throwing my arms around his neck.

Our lips ground together, and this time he offered no resistance whatsoever. I couldn't undress fast enough.

"Okay, kid," he said, "I think it's time . . .

My dick twitched as he lifted my ass in the air. When he had me in position, he spread my cheeks and exposed my pink hole. He greased me with a generous glob of something from his duffel bag and eased his index finger into me.

"Push deeper," I urged.

"My finger won't go in any further . . . I'll have to use something longer."

He laughed out loud, then stood up and finished undressing, letting his big, hard dick swing free. I reached back and touched it.

"Careful," he said. "I'm all revved up. It won't take much to bring me off."

He straddled my ass and slipped his mushroom head inside. Then he rammed all the way into me, and I went crazy. I took hold of my cock and began stroking myself. As I jacked, I twitched from side to side.

Jim slammed me harder and harder, until his hot cum began spewing into my rectum. My dick gushed at the same time, and we trembled and shook and spewed in unison.

At last, I could feel his spurts subsiding, and mine as well. Neither of us was capable of moving for the longest time. At last, Jim stood up, his half-hard dick shiny with cum and lube.

"Welcome home," I whispered.

He bent down and kissed me. No more indecision. He knew what he wanted now.

And it was his for the taking. ■

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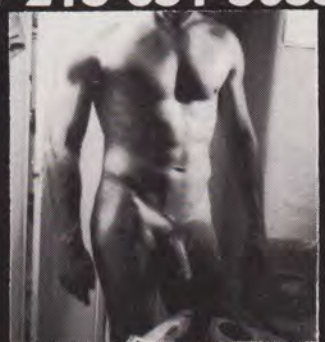

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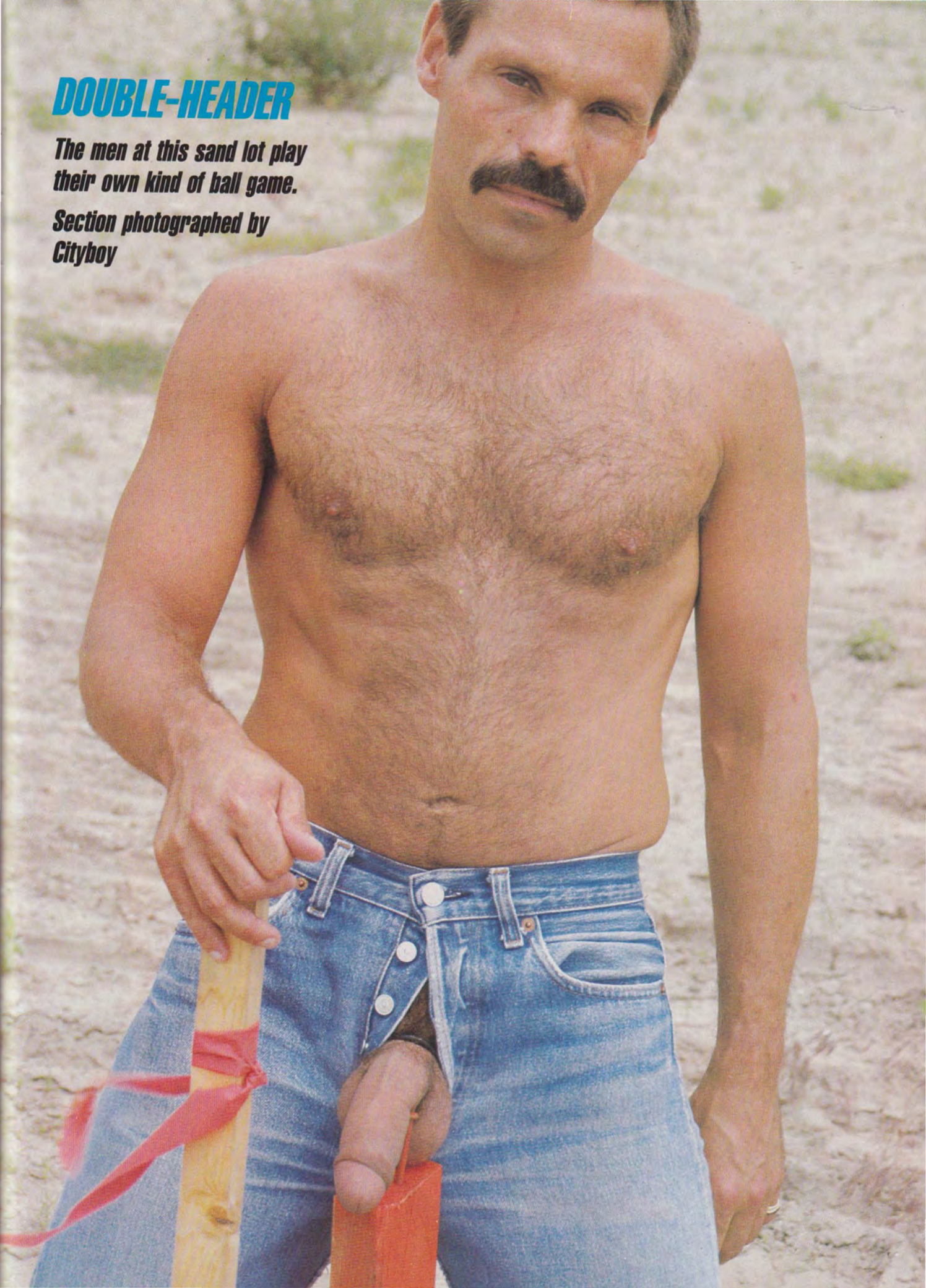
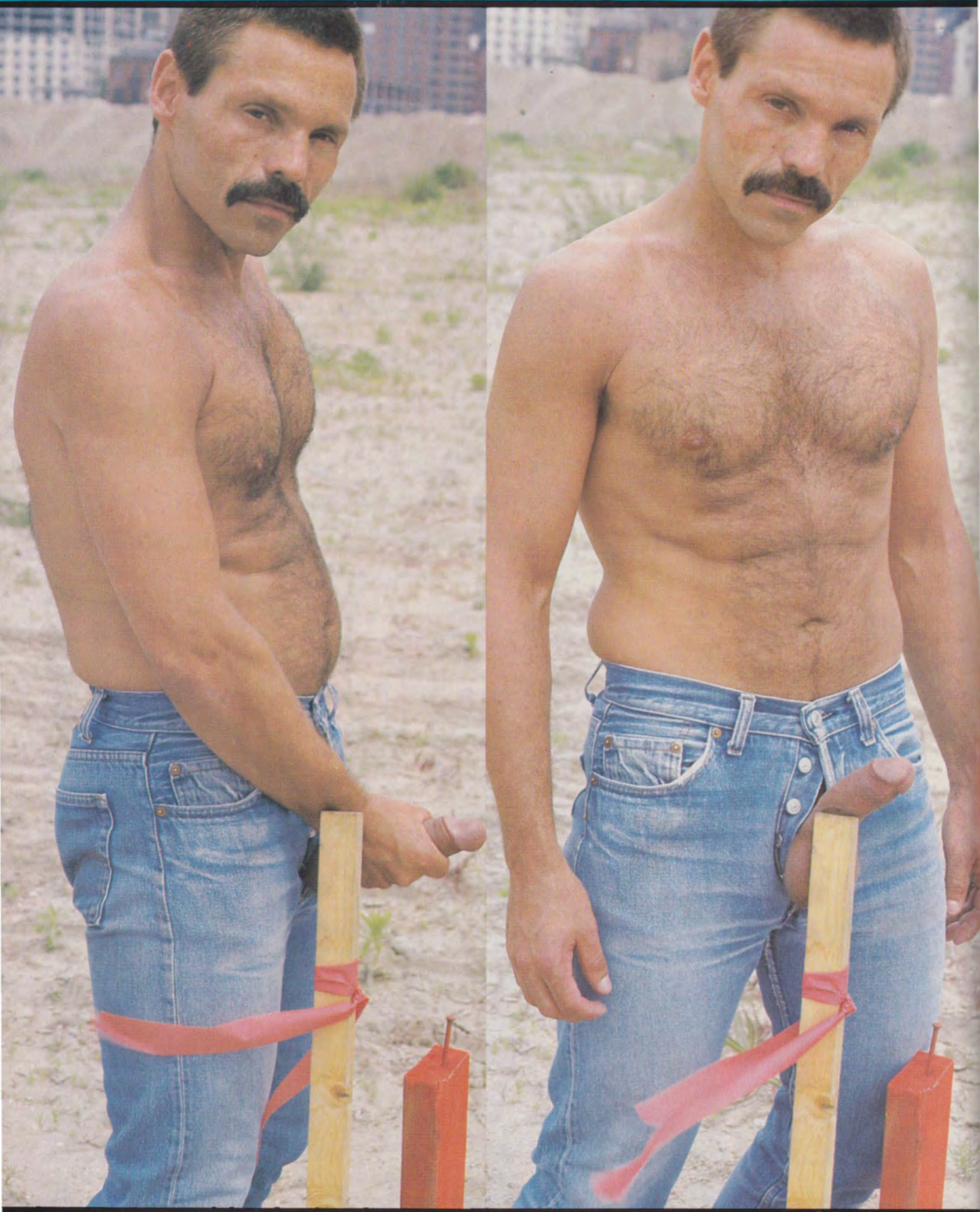
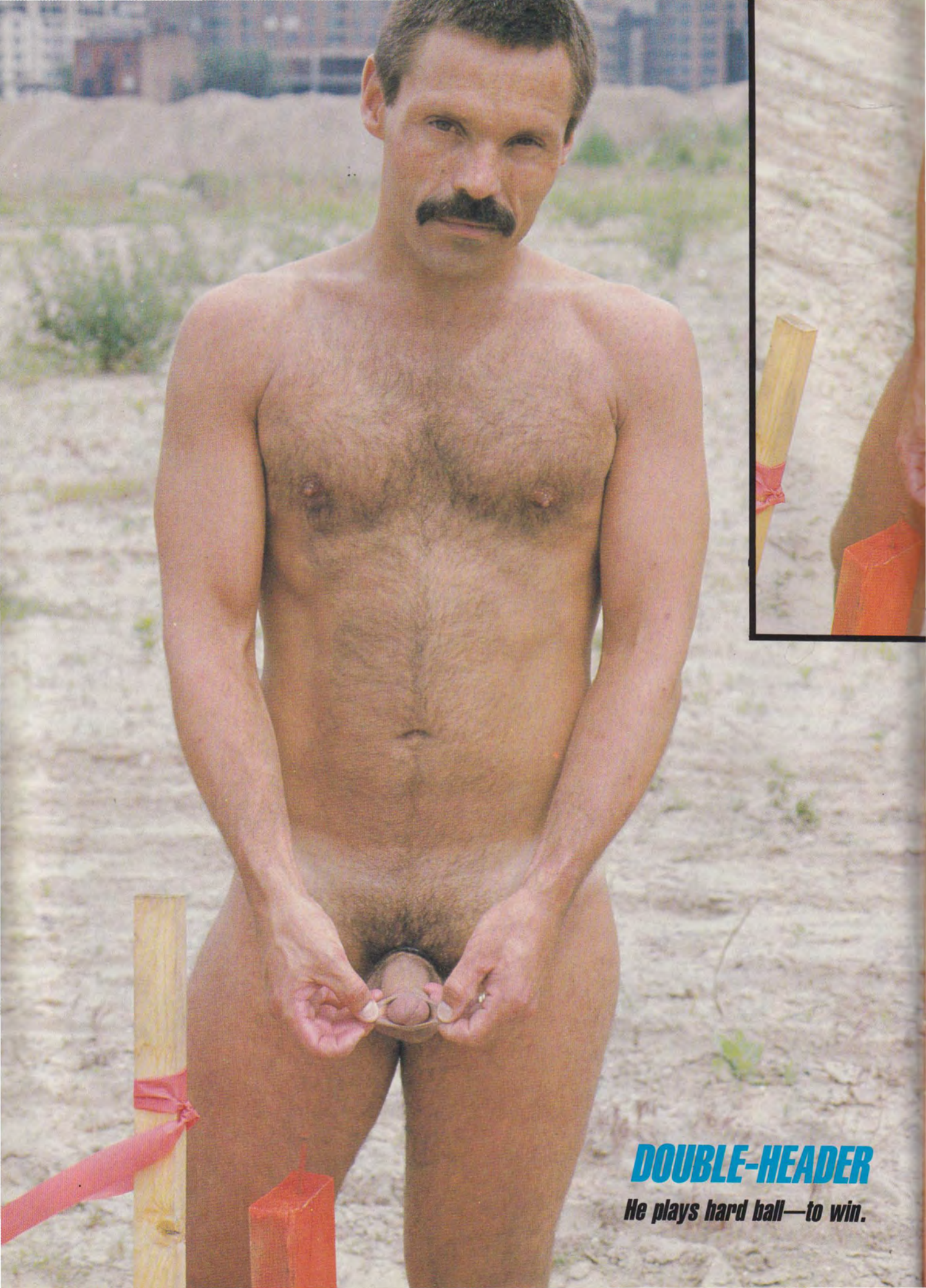


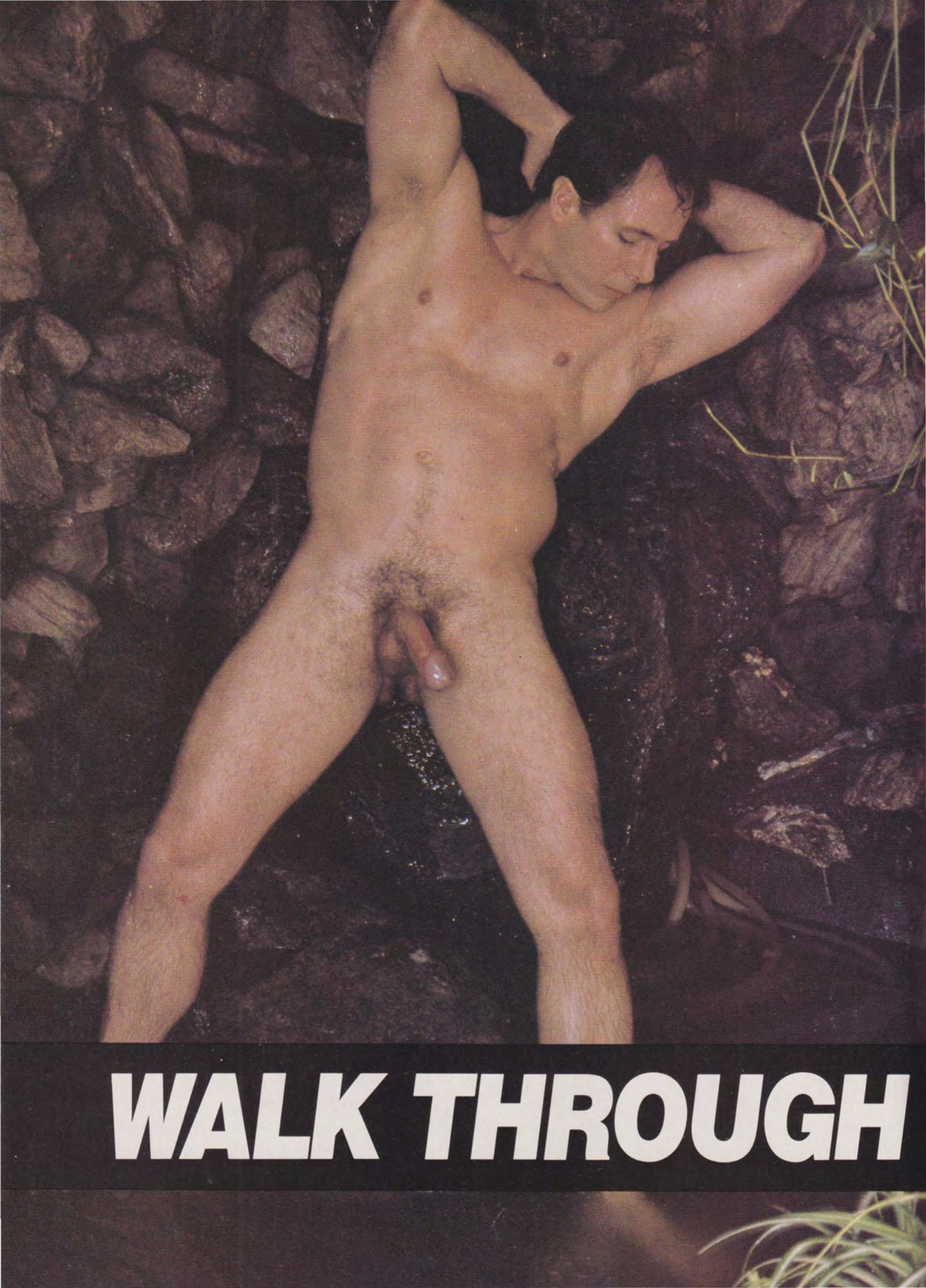
Wanna play? Then you better warm up for a double header.





DOUBLE-HEADER

He plays hard ball—to win.



WALK THROUGH

He was standing next to a tall pine, staring at me. I felt caught, and my face flushed hot. Then a strange feeling of being examined overtook me. He was too far away and there were shadows, but I could still make out that he was a large, muscular man who looked very at home in the woods.

A WET DREAM

BY KENN RICHIE
PHOTO BY MALEXPRESS

It's not the last chapter of a tragic Romance novel," he pouted, scraping the burn off his morning toast. It was a habit that grated on my nerves like fingernails on a blackboard. "We've split up. God, it's as simple as that. We're finished, it's over, good-bye, and I'm even sorry in some ways. We had our share of the best of it, too."

"Yeah, we did," I smiled, pouring a warm-up to his coffee and giving myself a refill. "I'm glad we talked it out calmly and agreed. It's the best time to make the move, while we can still be friends."

He crunched the toast, then spoke with his mouth full. "You just won't take anything I do seriously," he complained. "You resented my trying to learn to be a better lover."

"Let's not argue it again," I moaned. "I resented the fancy games and toys, your getting involved in every gay cause that came along, the way you have to study every new book as if it's a Bible. That fuckin' waterbed you just had to have. I've never gotten a decent night's sleep on that thing. I like getting it on just because we both feel like it, not fancying everything up and structuring it."

"You want to be like a wild bear in the woods, romping around sniffing asses and eating grubs."

"I guess," I confessed. "Going by instinct and nature is a hell of a lot better in my book than trying to follow the instructions from a book on sexual positions."

"Prime evil," he punned, crunching his toast.

"So, we disagree," I sighed. "I'm glad we got it out before we started having heavy-duty fights."

"We've been bitching at each other for weeks."

"One of us, anyway," I growled. "Oh, c'mon, let's get this split over without hard feelings."

"All right," he answered, pursing his lips to his coffee rather than giving it the good slurp he probably wanted. "It's going to take me all day to pack and get moved out."

"I don't want to be here, Ted. I know you aren't going to take anything of mine, and even if you did, it'd be by accident and I could call you to ask about it. I don't want to hang around and feel like an overseer. I'm going to take off somewhere and leave you on your own."

"Out to sniff bear butts?"

"You can't resist a chance to bitch, can you," I grumbled, slurping my coffee loudly as I got up.

"*You're* the one with the forest prime evil. Go sniff some asses. Cruise yourself some rough trade. See if I care."

"That's not a bad idea, the forest," I said quite seriously. "I haven't been out of this city for months, and a long walk in the woods sounds great."

"So? Who's stopping you?"

"No one," I answered, grabbing my jacket and the car keys.

As I drove up into the mountains, I thought of little besides our strange little divorce. We'd had it out the night before, and a split seemed the only answer. I was relieved that we'd managed to do it with a minimum of ugliness and that we both felt it was the right thing to do.

We'd been together more than three years. I think we had both jumped into a serious relationship mainly because of the AIDS crisis. We'd been playing the field in rather wide circles, until the risks of continuing to do that began to get scary. The fact that we seemed to hit it off so well, in bed especially, made the

idea of a close relationship sound like a perfect solution. We made vows and he moved in with me before we really knew each other. I'd been faithful to him all that time, and I was fairly certain he had been also. As of today, however, we were free again. The old problem of sex this age would return, but we'd rushed into our relationship; now we were rushing out of it.

It was a crazy impulse, but I stopped at a small-town drugstore and bought some condoms to stick in my wallet. I felt like a teenager again as I drove on up into the mountains to explore the wooded wilderness I loved so much.

I parked the car at an especially inviting place on a side road, leaned back, and drank in the view and the fresh air. Ted was right: I did feel like romping off into the forest in search of a bear. If only life could be that simple. I closed my eyes and delighted myself with the fantasy.

Vaguely, I heard the sounds of a vehicle pulling into the same parking area, a door closing, the crunch of boots on the gravel. When I looked up, I saw a small truck loaded with cut firewood. I guessed the driver had gone into the woods to take a piss. According to legend, that's what wild bears do. I, too, wanted to walk down the one path I had noticed, but I didn't want to embarrass some poor guy doing his business, so I got out of my car and waited. After a considerable amount of time had passed, I began looking through the trees to see if I could spot the guy.

I did. He was standing next to a tall pine, staring at me and my face.

I felt caught, and my face flushed hot. Then a strange feeling of being examined overtook me. He was too far away and there were shadows, but I could still make out that he was a large muscular man who looked very at home in the woods. I found myself staring back until I thought he smiled and nodded, looked off in another direction, then returned his gaze to me. It was the most vivid long-distance body language I'd ever seen. It simply didn't occur to me that I could ignore it, or write it off to my imagination. I started up the path.

When I reached the spot where he had stood, there was no sign of him. He hadn't even left footprints on the bed of pine needles. The thick pine scent filling the air was intoxicating. It was the *pure* version of the sickly-sweet soap bars Ted used to buy, and it was beginning to excite me.

I looked around, and again I spotted him, a considerable distance farther into the woods. He was standing beside a bush of some kind, still staring back at me. As before, I thought he seemed to smile and nod, look away, then return his glance, calling for me to follow.

By the time I reached the bush, he had moved on. I found his jacket neatly hung on one of the branches, a hunter's cap in one of the pockets. It was one of those plaid lumberjack things, tan and amber so that it hadn't stood out at a distance. I took off my jacket, shirt, and tie and hung them beside his on the bush, then began looking for him again.

He wasn't as far from me this time, but the signals were the same. I could see him a bit more clearly, and my heart began thumping when I saw that he was a strikingly handsome man with dark curly hair that turned gray about the temples.

I wasn't surprised to find that he was already gone when I reached the spot where I had seen him. I didn't hesitate to put my T-shirt beside his, which was hanging from a low tree branch, and then, peering into the distance, I saw him again. He smiled. I followed. I found his faded Levi's hanging from another low branch of a tree, and I dangled my permanent press slacks beside them. After I put my wallet in my shoe, I caught a brief glimpse of him farther up the path. I could see that his deeply tanned, wide, muscular chest was carpeted with a glistening growth of rich, dark fur—a wild bear in the woods. I quickened my steps, hoping to catch up with him this time, but he obviously knew the path better than I.

I came to a meadow of lush green grass with a stream running through. I enjoyed another glimpse of my friend just before he disappeared into the woods beside the upstream flow. Only then did I notice that the meadow was filled with deer. There was one incredibly proud and handsome buck off to the side and four or five females in the center, and each doe had a couple of rowdy teenage fawns. My friend had obviously walked right through them without disturbing their picnic on the grass,

Harder, faster, grunting, sweating, moaning, pounding—ecstasy! There was no use even trying to prolong the inevitable. The pressure welled up in my loins as I pumped ever more frantically. Then all of a sudden I plunged deeper than ever and roared like the wild forest animal I had become.

so why shouldn't I? I was afraid my bright-red, bikini-cut shorts might give them a start, so I determined to move as silently and easily as possible.

They moved a step or two out of my way and stared at me intently with their enormous glassy eyes, but none felt the need to scamper off. One of the little ones nuzzled up against my bare leg, and when its mother chided it with a nudge in the butt, I all but heard her scolding it to mind its manners—straight out of *Bambi*.

All of a sudden it hit me: I was dreaming. I remembered how I had leaned back in the front seat of my car and closed my eyes. I must have fallen asleep then. This whole scene was just too idyllic to qualify as reality. Dream or reality, I didn't want the experience to end.

When I came up on the next pausing place in the path, I could hear the splashing of water. I saw two bare footprints in the moist sand beside the stream, and then I noticed the pair of boots and socks. I put my shoes beside them, clutched my wallet in my fist, and followed the footprints around a large boulder toward the splashing sounds upstream. There was a small waterfall no larger than a home shower, and it looked incredibly inviting. So did the magnificent nude man stepping from it, his body glistening in the sunlight, and then he walked over a rise and disappeared into the glade beyond.

I was afraid the cold water might wake me, but I couldn't resist taking the chance. I put my shorts on the rock beside his and dived in. The water was just cool enough to stimulate the flow of blood throughout my body, and it cleansed me of every last trace of dust, smoke, grime, smog, perfume, and city scum. Completely refreshed, I climbed out of the stream and into the sunlight, then followed the little path into a secluded glade carpeted with velvet grass and dotted with tiny wildflowers.

He was lying there with his hairy chest against the green velvet, his smiling face turned to the side, his head nestled in the crook of a muscular arm, his eyes closed. The rounded pillows of his compact buttocks moved gently, as did his wide shoulders, with his every breath.

I sat beside him. As delicate as a dream can be, I was almost afraid to touch him for fear he would vanish. Worse, I thought, he might suddenly turn into a raging beast and turn on me. Was this to be the most glorious erotic fantasy of a lifetime, or one godawful, hideous nightmare?

I had to take the chance.

He made a soft sound and curled his cheek up toward where my hand touched him on the shoulder. Because he sounded rather like a pussycat before a fireplace, I instinctively stroked his rippling back. After several moments of this, he slowly pulled his arm from under his body, reached around me, and holding me by the base of my spine, urged me closer.

I caressed the firm orbs of his buttocks, and they moved knowingly under my fingers. His legs parted a bit, and his other arm went around to my back. At the same time, his upper body lifted and turned toward me. Still he didn't open his eyes. He stroked a path across my chest, his fingers toying with my hardened nipples.

When I slipped my fingers into the crevice of his ass, his hand fell from my chest to my crotch, and he began to play with the solid length of my swollen cock. Then in a sudden move, he curled about and placed his face against his hand for a moment, and I stretched back in anticipation, my hand still pulling at his ass cheeks.

I felt the head of my cock slip into a warm, wet, fleshy place where a dancing tongue seemed to be everywhere at once. Then his lips tightened just below my corona and began a slow descent to the base of my cock. His ass was pushing anxiously into my hand, but soon I had to let go in order to lie back on the grass so that he could take my entire pole into his mouth and down his throat.

I realized that I still had my wallet in my other fist and was squeezing the hell out of it. I took out one of the foil packets and curled my palm

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around the latex to warm it. After several moments of staring down my body at the sight of my red flesh appearing and disappearing between his lips, I started whimpering my warning that this could easily bring me to a premature orgasm and far too quickly end the perfect dream. He withdrew to give me a chance to cool.

He gasped his approval when he saw what I had in my hand, and he watched closely, stroking my legs, as I applied it to my cock. Then he raised himself up on his hands and knees beside me, folded his arms over the bed of wildflowers, and lowered his face against them, his willing ass now arched up in readiness for me, his legs parted to give me room.

There was no need to fumble about for position. Our bodies fit together like the last two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, the other pieces, already joined, being the entire landscape of the forest that surrounded us.

My cockhead popped through the tight ring of muscle, and instantly it closed around me. He moaned his pleasure and rocked his body in response to the invasion. I ran my hands across his strong back, then down to his muscular hips, and slowly pushed into his guts. Finally, my groin flattened the pillows of his cheeks, and my balls fell into place between his legs.

He rolled and twisted under me, and his burning-hot ring of sphincter muscle pulled and chewed at the base of my cock. I grasped his legs tightly and began a series of long, slow in-and-out moves. Soon, I found myself grunting a soft counter harmony to his responsive moans and whimpers. His body rolled with my plunges, and we became as one creature, joined to each other, joined with the world that surrounded us.

I wanted the feeling to last forever, but nothing in nature ever does, of course. Faster and faster nature moved within us and through us. Harder, faster, grunting, sweating, moaning, pounding—ecstasy!

There was no use even trying to prolong the inevitable. The pressure welled up in my loins as I pumped ever more frantically. Then all of a sudden I plunged deeper than ever, held him tightly and still, and roared like the wild forest animal I had become. I cried out again with each gush, and my voice echoed in the stillness of the forest.

It was a long while before I managed slowly to withdraw my still-solid cock from his body. I was drained and exhausted, dizzy, trembling.

I tumbled over to my side and rolled onto the grass, so that I was turned away from my mute forest lover. I thought we would rest, then he would enjoy my body the same way I had enjoyed his, and then we'd rest again. But when a few moments later I took my hands from my eyes and turned to reach for him, he was gone.

It took me a few minutes to gather my wits, to decide that the dream was over. I found a sharp stick and dug a hole and disposed of the condom and its wrapper, then made my way back to Mother Nature's shower. I looked around for him, of course. I even called out. But though I found my shorts on the rock where I had left them, and my shoes beyond them, his were gone—and it was as if they had never been there.

There were no deer in the meadow, and my pants hung alone from the tree. I dressed and returned to the car through long shadows of almost sunset. The trees had now begun to look almost sinister, cruel, mocking.

I sat down in my car and leaned back, saddened and exhausted. I closed my eyes. I felt my consciousness drifting . . . beautiful dream . . . so beautiful . . .

"Hey. Hey, wake up."

I was reluctant to open my eyes, for fear of not finding what I longed to find beside me.

"Wake up!"

I opened my eyes. It was him, returned from my dream and smiling at me through the window of my car.

"Don't go to sleep on me," he teased. "I want you to follow me up to my cabin. I'll fix us some chow, and then maybe you can spend the night? I'll even let you sleep a little. Maybe. And maybe we can talk some."

"Talk?"

"Not *during*," he laughed, "but between times. I hate talking about it while it's happening. I like to just *do* it. But we seem to have something special, so maybe we can talk about keeping it going. C'mon, follow me home—my second home. I've got a place in the city, and a cabin up here for weekends. Actually my real home is out there in the woods. I'm an old grizzly bear in disguise."

"I know. I recognized you."

"Yeah, I recognized you, too. As a guy who likes grizzlies."

I followed him home and discovered, to my surprise, that grizzlies are good cooks—at least mine is. And he's not bad at conversation either, when it's time to talk. Other times? No talking allowed, just like I like it, just like I'd always dreamed.

Please, God, don't let me *ever* wake up. ■

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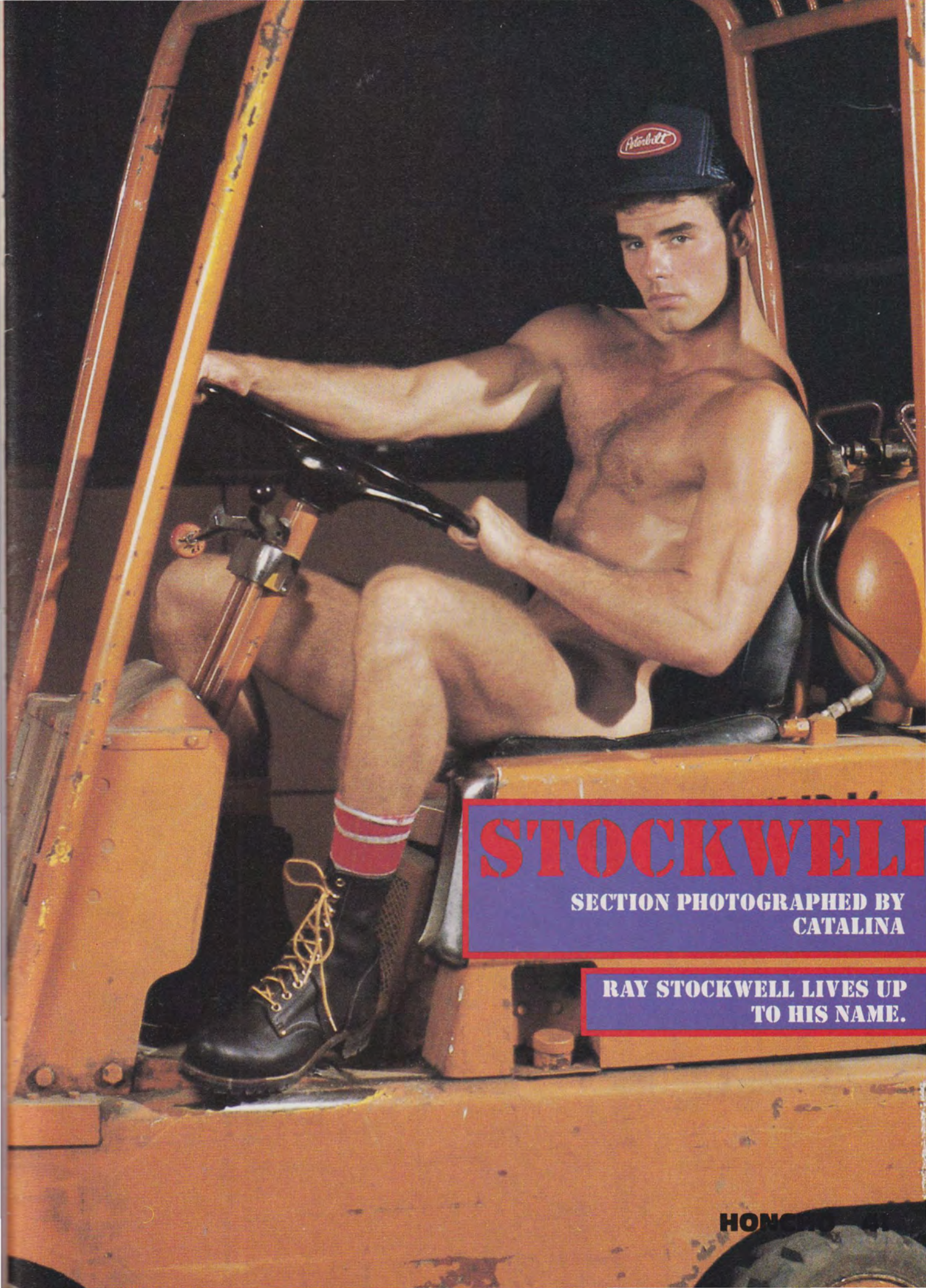

STOCKWELL

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY CATALINA

RAY STOCKWELL LIVES UP TO HIS NAME.

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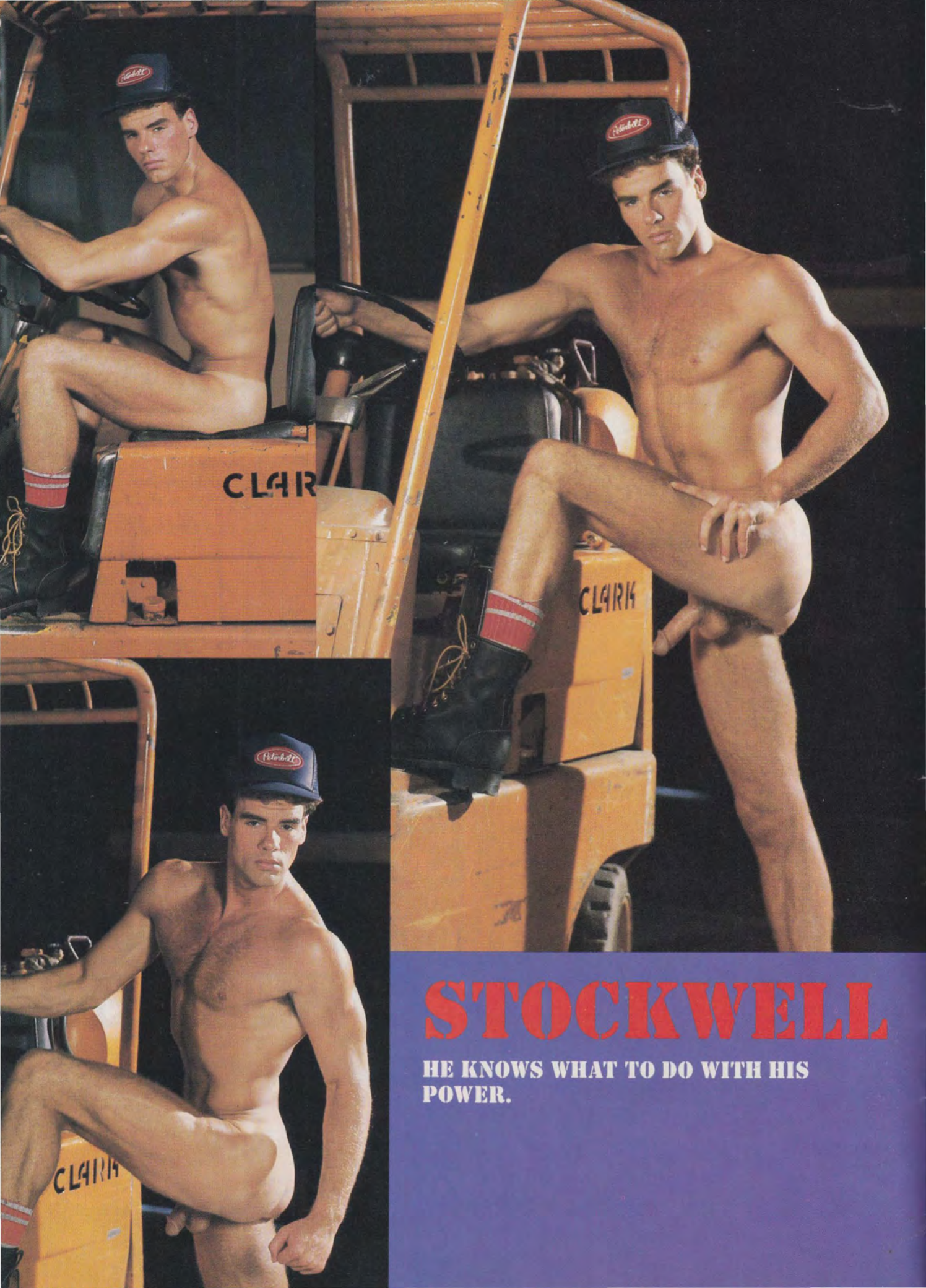

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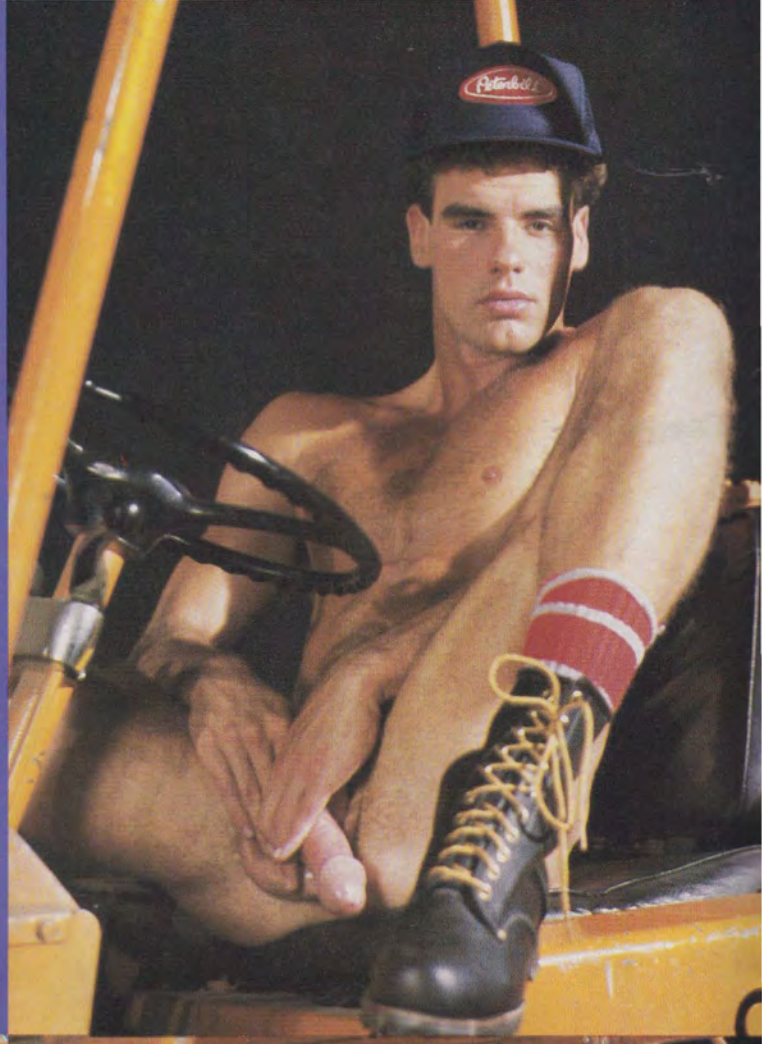

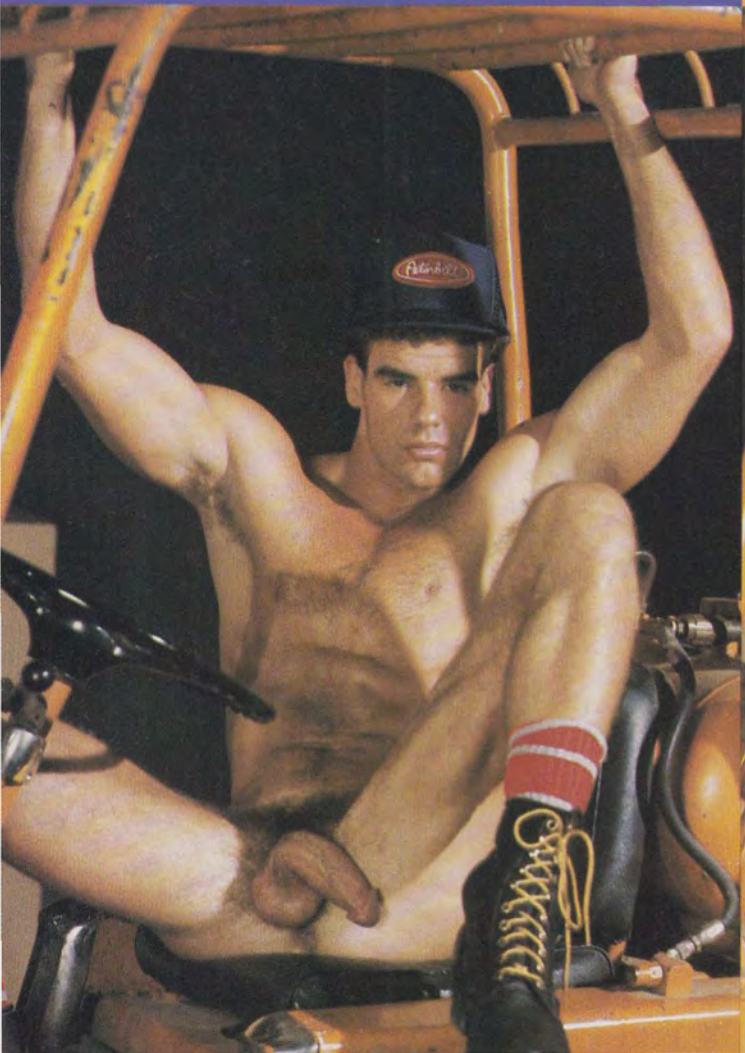

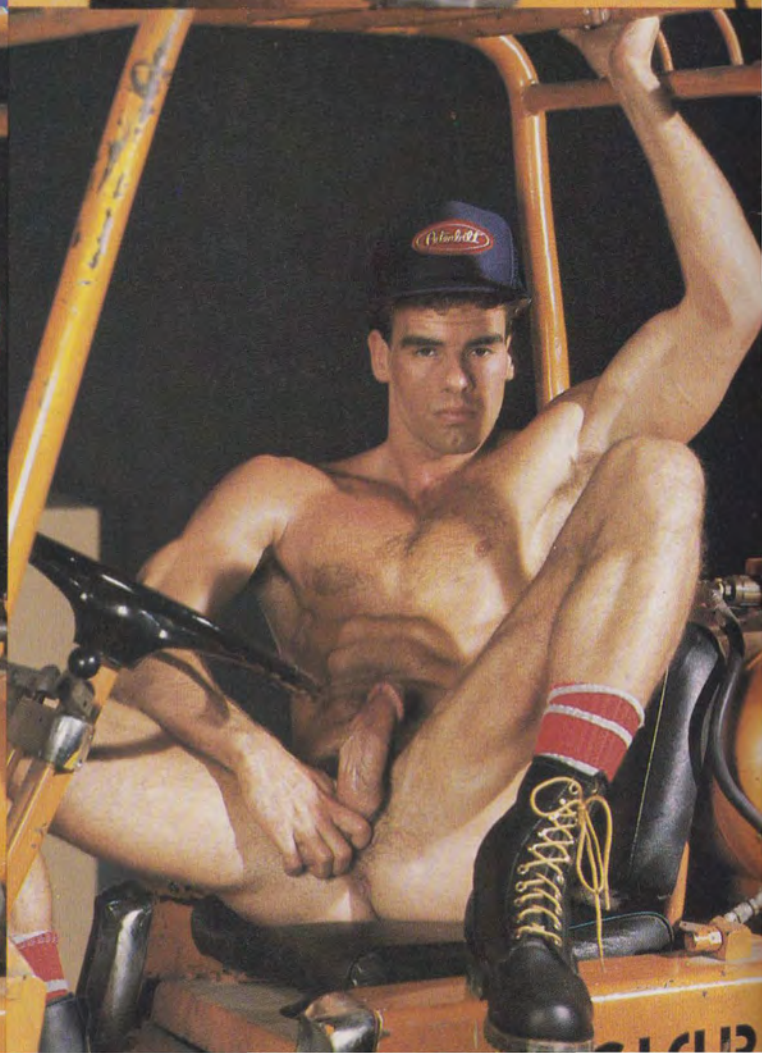

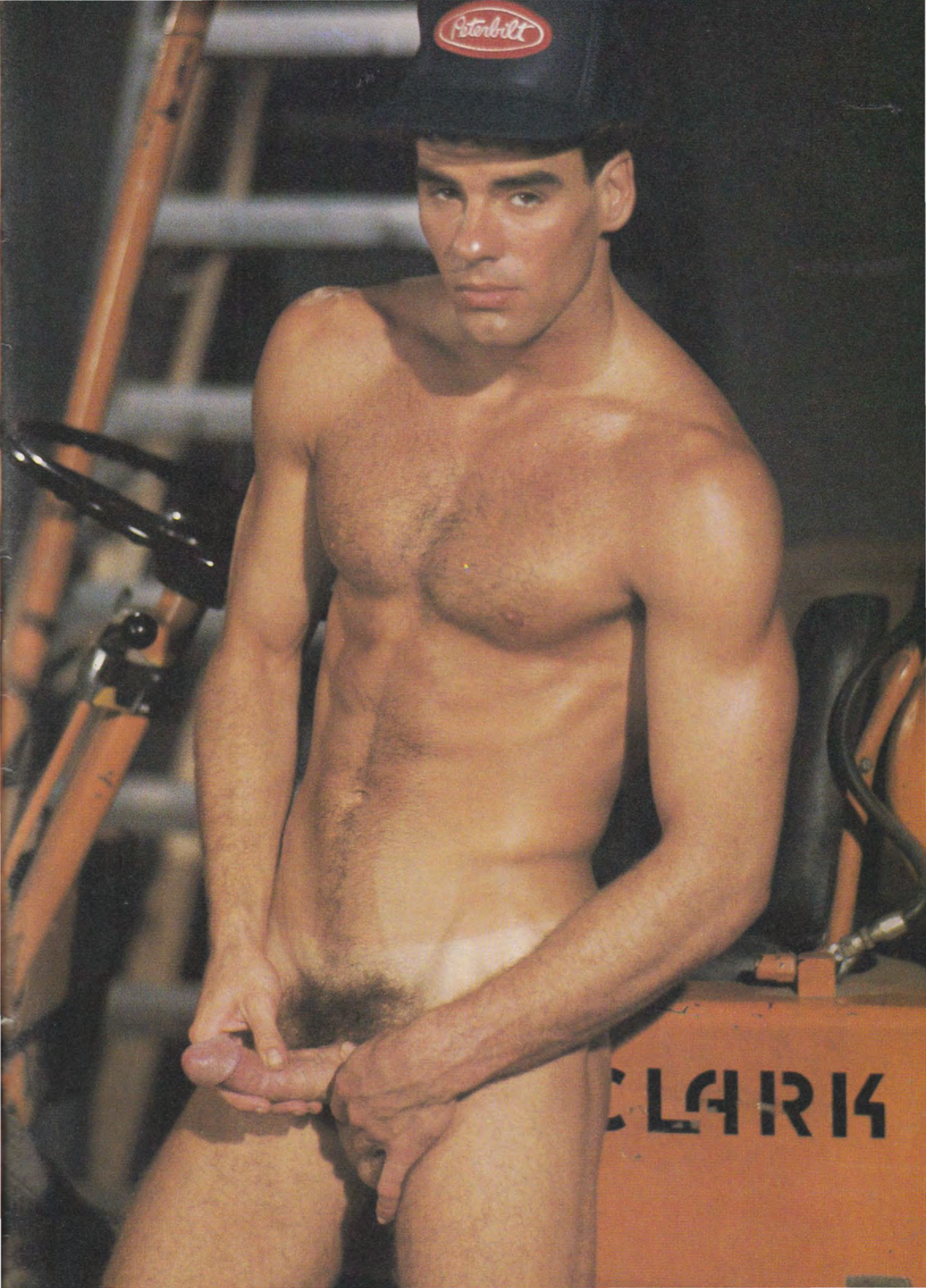
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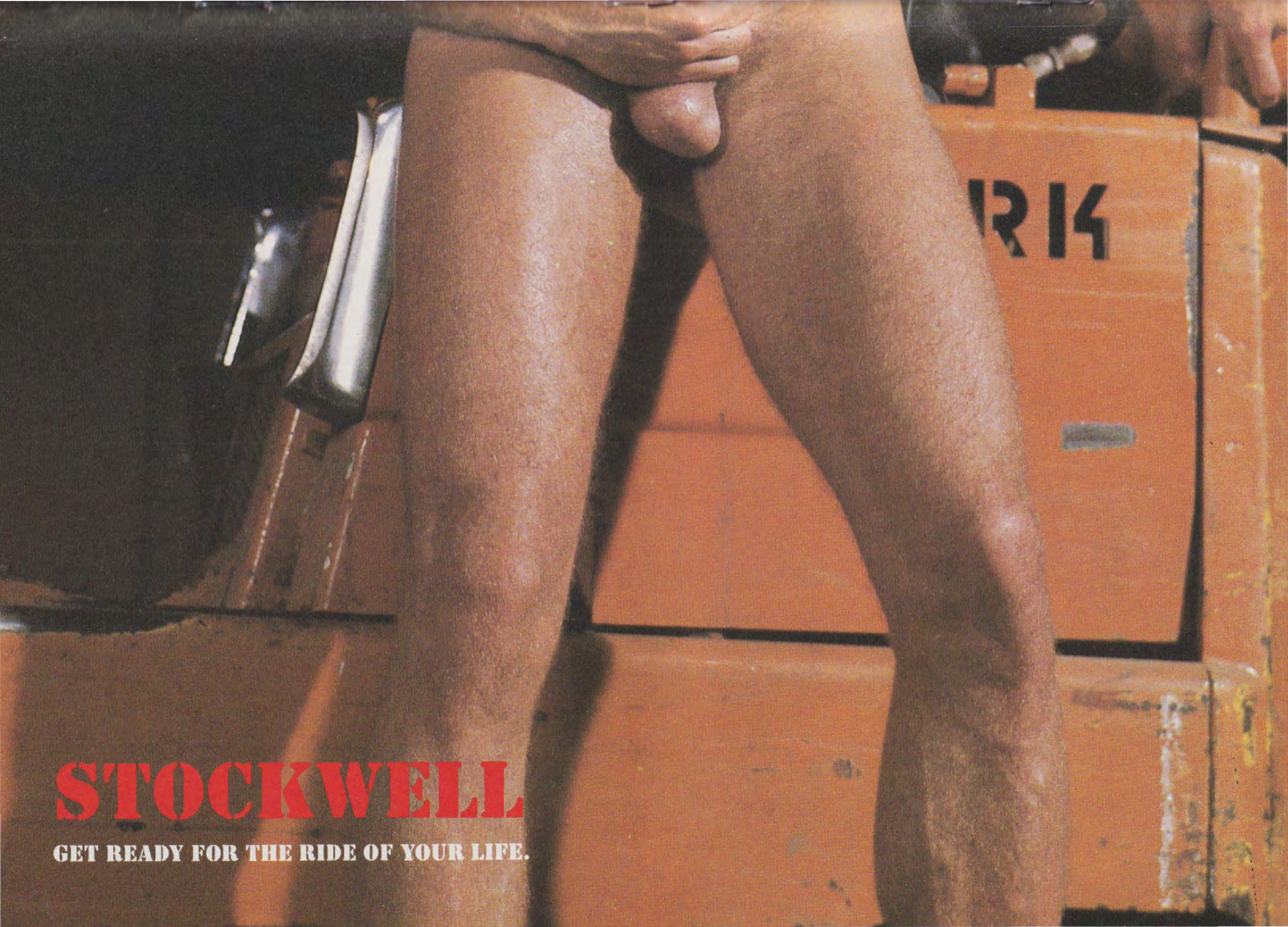
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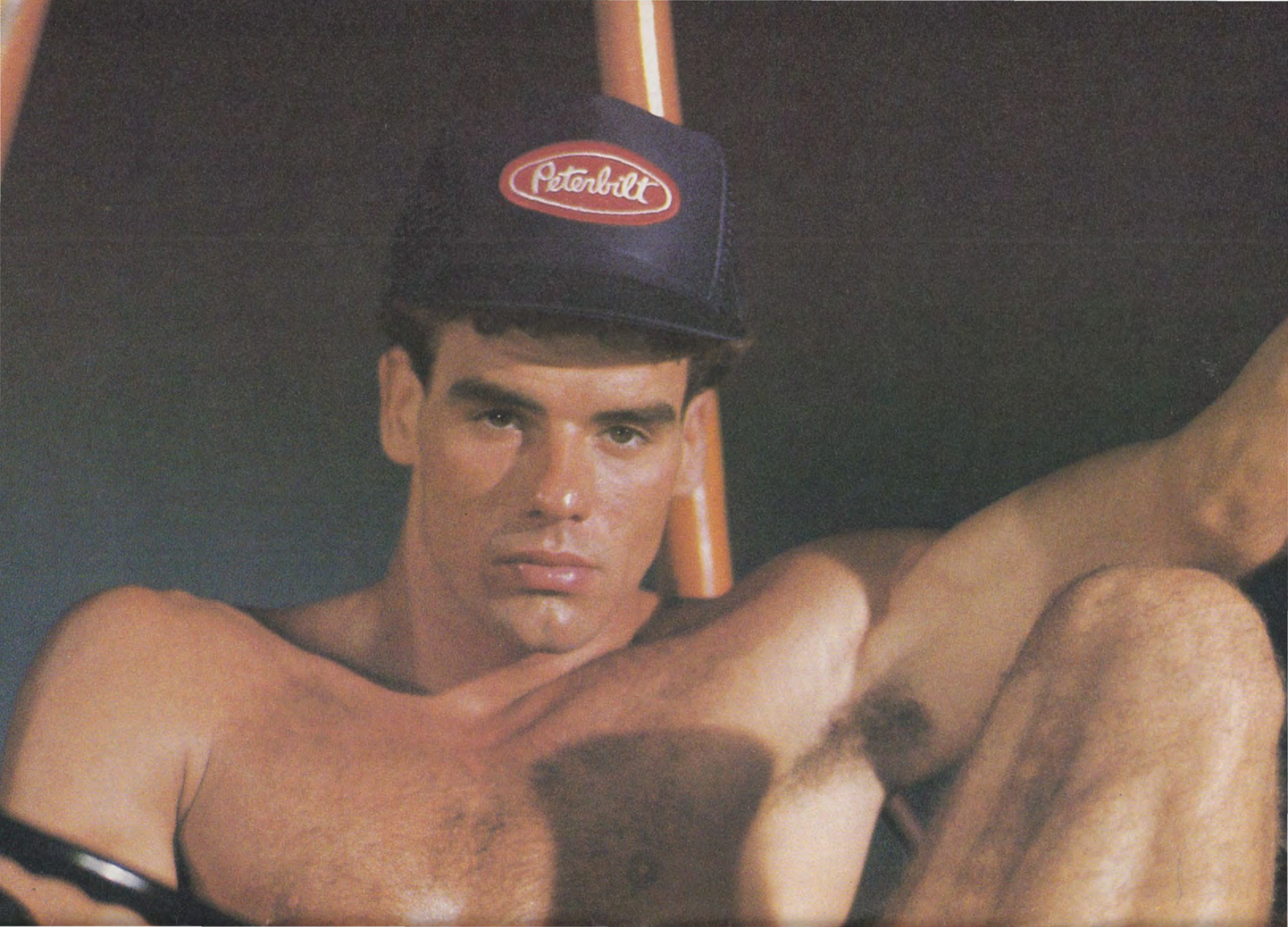
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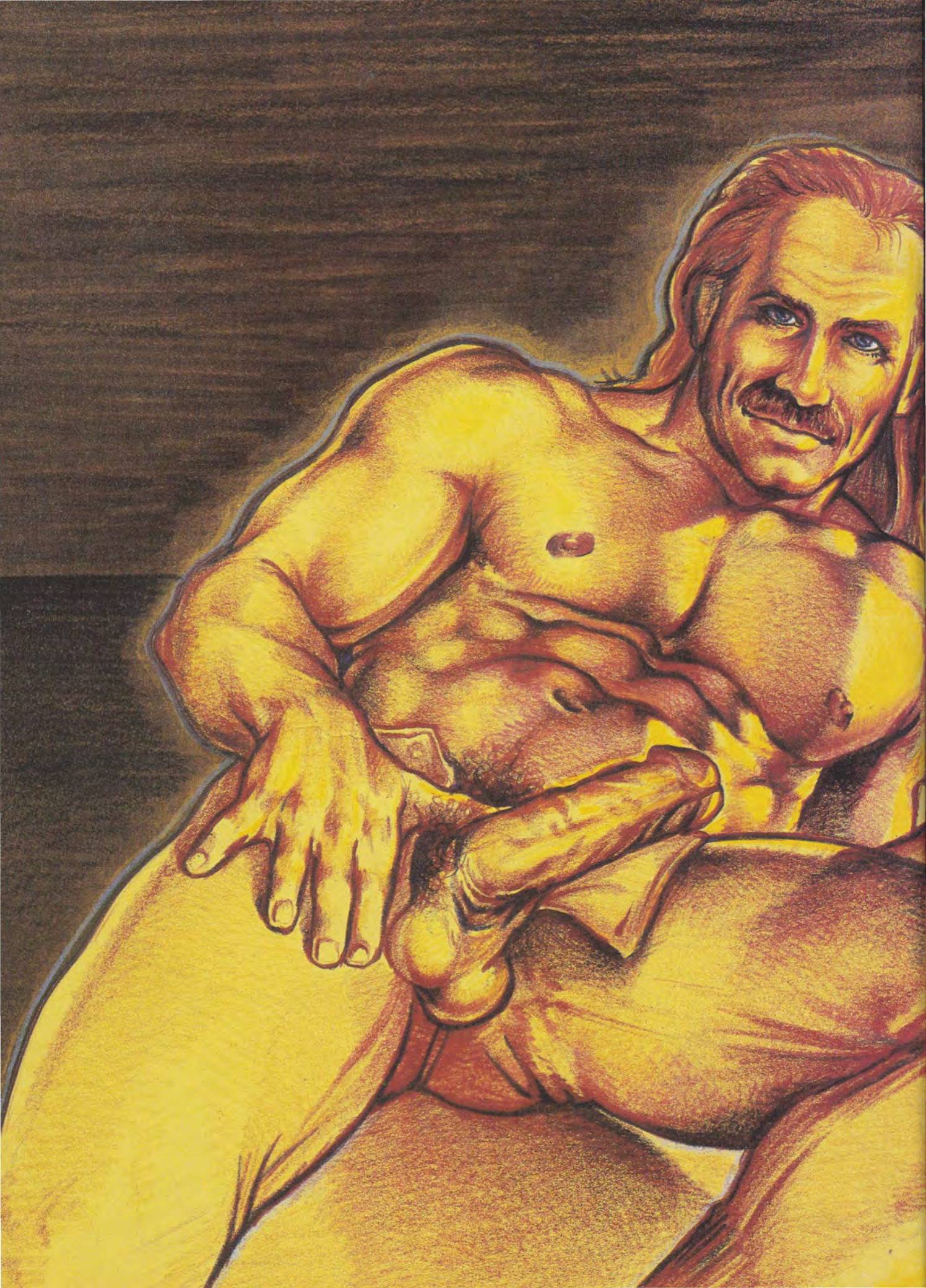

BULLDOG

STORY & ART BY
RICHARD A. WHITE

You can know a dude for years and never really know what he's got sunk in his skull. Know what I mean? It really hit me how true that is with Bulldog. I rode bike with him for years, even lived in his cabin the last two. But I never even suspected who he might be deep down inside. All I saw was the biggest, rowdiest damn bruiser I'd ever known, a pig-headed slam-bammer that you didn't dare cross if you knew what was good for you.

I met Bulldog (real name, Gino) Botero on a summer bike run through Tennessee in '81. We were roaring up through the Great Smokey Mountains on our way to Gatlinburg. Bulldog joined up with us in Bryson City, North Carolina. That's where he lives—where *we* live now—right by Fontana Lake. I spotted him waitin' for us in the parking lot of a roadside inn. Leanin' over the bars of his bike, he looked like a gorilla. I mean the man is huge. Six feet might not be all that tall, but when you see Bulldog, all 225 hard and hairy pounds of 'im stretched over that broad frame of his, the word that comes to your mind is *big*!

He was fuckin' his own mouth with my meat, and *I* was at *his* mercy—man, it was wild! My balls flopped against his chin stubble, makin' me tingle all over, and when I shot, my legs went flyin'.

He got his nickname on account of his mug. He's got a big square jaw, and age has marked it with some deep creases and a bit of a jowl, and his baldin' dome shows off the flatness of his head—altogether it reminds you of a mutt. Plus his snout is flat, his nostrils wide-flared, and his lips are thick and fleshy. His hair hangs down his back like a collie—guess that's where all the hair from the *top* of his head's gone to. Now that he's grown a big 'stache, his mouth don't show as much. It's his eyes you see first—dark blue like a cop car, and just as shiny and metallic, and when he drinks they really sparkle. He laughs and sings and jumps around a lot when he's drunk, but you still don't miss those eyes. 'Specially when he's mad. Or when he's listenin' real serious to what you're sayin', or when he's starin' you down to see if you're tellin' the truth.

Bulldog is convinced that all his years of wearin' a helmet on his head is what made his hair fall out. Ain't likely. His old man is bald, and his mom's hair ain't the thickest I ever saw. So it's just in his blood. Like that big fuckin' body of his. You can't build that up with exercise; you either got it or you ain't. I hear his daddy's got a big piece on him, too, just like Bulldog has. Bulldog's always wavin' it around when he pisses jus' so's we don't miss how big it is.

Hell, *I* know how big it is. We've jacked each other off lotsa times. That thing fills my hand and then some.

One night we had a long ride home in the rain. When we got home, we wrapped up in a big sleepin' bag in front of the fire and rubbed each other down to get warm. 'Course bein' loaded on Jack Daniels helped get the juices goin', an' before long we're both hard as logs, and about as big, too. I ain't no slacker down there myself. Fact, that rainy night, which was the first time Bulldog saw my hard-on, he said, "You may be barely over half my age, but I'd say you're a pretty good match for me in the pork department. Let's take care of these things, Boy." Bulldog is always remindin' me of our age difference by callin' me boy. He's forty-two an' I'm twenty-three. Big deal, I say. I been around. I seen stuff, done stuff. But it *is* a big deal for him.

I been on my own since sixteen. Daddy never had much use for me, an' mama had six others a whole generation younger'n me to tend to. I figured I'd be better off by myself. Kinda rough that first year, till I fell in with my bike buddies. They took me under their wing, taught me the road, and by the time I was eighteen I was a hell of a lot bigger, stronger, and tougher than when I come to 'em. Road work in the summer was what really beefed me up. But I'm still nowhere near as beefy as Bulldog.

That first night in the sleepin' bag was real memorable. Bull's real hairy in the chest and belly, an' I dig rubbin' my fingers through it. I rubbed for a while, and his eyes stayed glued to mine, no smile, no blink, but no objection neither. So then I grabbed his dick and slid back the inch of gristle he has for a foreskin, and when I did that his face just turned into one big grin. He reached over for my dong and squeezed it tight, and with his other hand he started rubbin' my smooth, rock-hard belly.

"Nice," he said. "Nice boy-body ya got there. Hot crank on ya, too."

Bull slowed us down and drew it out. He laid me down on top of the sleepin' bag up close to the fire, and hulkin' over me like that, he looked kinda scary. But I wasn't scared. I was turned on. He started thrashin' my cock around so fierce I thought he was gonna tear it off, so I pulled him down by the balls and we wrestled a few rounds, yankin' each other's meat all the while. Man, it was wild. When we shot, there was *power* behind the cum we put out!

After that, we fucked around a lot, 'specially in winter when we was drunk and freezin' from the road. Slappin' at Bull's meat and havin' him slappin' at mine always gets me whipped enough to sleep real tight. Whenever I shoot, he grins and says, "Good man, good man." Not *boy*.

Not when we're tendin' to our meat. Then I'm his good *man*: I like that.

Sometimes when we camp out on bike runs, Bulldog'll walk over to my spot and stand over me beatin' off, teasin' me to spread open my bag and jerk off with 'im. I never say no, except when we got other men with us. Then we sneak off to some hidden spot and wrestle and jam our fists over each other's meat and come all over each other.

The wildest thing Bull ever done to me was on a Christmas Eve. It was so cold we hadn't been out for three days. We had one last bottle of Jack Daniels and didn't know when we'd get out to buy another one, but we decided we needed it right then.

Bulldog said, "Fuck New Year's," which was what we'd meant to save that bottle for.

"Fuck New Year's," I said right after him.

We got loaded so fast we caught the hiccups somethin' awful. Had to drink a mess of quinine water to get 'em stopped. Then we jes' laid there for a while by the fire watchin' the clock.

The second it was past midnight, Bull reached over and flicked the tip of my cock with his finger. It stung like a bee, but it felt real hot. I swelled right up, an' a pearl of juice popped out my slit and ran down inside my foreskin.

Bull grinned and said, "C'mere. You got a special Christmas present comin' to ya."

He rolled me onto my side and swallowed my cock whole in one gulp. Jesus, what a fuckin' feelin'—his lips pressin' into my cock bush, his nose plowin' my nuts. I couldn't believe how great it felt. I'd never been blowed before that, not by man nor woman. You know what it's like the first time, right? But you *don't* know what it's like when Bulldog is your first.

I thrashed around so much that he had to grab both my hips to steady me. Then all of a sudden he lifted me up over his head—Jesus, he's strong!—and started slidin' my cock in and outta his mouth by raisin' an' lowerin' me in the air. He was fuckin' his own mouth with my meat, and *I* was at *his* mercy—man, it was wild! My balls flopped against his chin stubble, makin' me tingle all over, and when I shot, my legs went flyin' around and my ass cheeks clenched hard enough to crack a walnut between 'em.

"Ain't that nice of Santa to fill up my chimney like this?" he said, and then he swallowed hard, and then he lowered me to to the floor.

Best Christmas I ever remember. Let me tell you I went to my bed smilin' that night. Oh yeah, Bulldog an' me have separate beds. He likes his privacy, I guess.

It ain't all fun an' games with ol' Bull, let me tell ya. He can be a hard one to be around sometimes, 'specially when he knows you're fuckin' up. We was on a bike run to Georgia once, and my tank had a little crack on top so that when it was full some of the gasoline would slosh out whenever I rested my bike on the stand. First time it happened was while we was parked to get food and supplies. When we come back out, sure enough there was a puddle under my wheel. I was gonna just tear off and forget about it, but Bull says, "Don't you be leavin' it like that, Mickey. Somebody could slip on that shit an' bust their butt. Go get some dirt and cover it over. Don't be a goddamn careless fool."

Sounded like my ol' man, an' I was tempted to ignore Bulldog's smart-assin', but a quick swat on the butt from his big hand set me to followin' orders. The run had just started, an' I didn't wanta have shit comin' down between us all the way to Georgia, so I fetched the dirt and spread it. Just before we took off, Bull rubbed my shoulders and smiled at me real tender-like. "Good man," he said. And that wasn't like my ol' man at all.

One time we had a job come up, helpin' the electric company lay underground lines for Bryson City. Storms had been doin' so much damage to the pole lines, they'd decided their only hope was to go underground. We had to pass a test to qualify for the work. I knew wires, but my readin' was none too good—just barely enough to follow road signs an' maps an' to get me through a comic book now an' then—so I was real scared about the test. Scared an' embarrassed that I was gonna fail it. I didn't want Bulldog to look down on me, an' I wanted that job by his side real bad.

Bull had already picked up on my trouble with readin'—believe me, that dog-face may not look sensitive, but that's just another way that looks are deceivin' with this guy. Without me askin' for help, without me ever havin' to admit I had any worries at all, he sat me down an' we started goin' over all these catalogues of equipment so I could get the words down. I felt like a fool havin' Bulldog speak out each syllable to me, like I was a little kid, but I kept strugglin'.

After we'd worked for a couple of hours, Bull said to me that he really admired my courage in goin' after what I needed to know. "Takes a big man to let himself be taught somethin' new and difficult," he said. "You're a big man, Mickey."

I passed the test, and the job paid off real well, and that experience did a lot to make me feel like I *was* a big man.

So maybe with all this stuff, you're wonderin' why it took me so long to see that the biggest thing about ol' Bulldog was his heart. Didn't I know by this point what he was made of inside? No. Because I'm dumb sometimes, see. Like we all can be. I still saw pretty much just what showed on the outside of Bulldog, partly because he never made anything of what was inside. When he helped somebody, like he'd helped me bone up for that test, he always made you think you'd done it yourself. An' even though I was beginnin' to feel like a big man, I wasn't really. Not yet. I was just a kid tryin' to prove himself, and that meant I wasn't ready yet to give credit to anybody but myself for whatever progress I made.

It wasn't till a month ago that I finally realized exactly who it was I was livin' with, and just how lucky I was to have Bulldog Botero at the center of my life.

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Early one night we come up on a highway accident. The Coughlins had been pullin' their camper behind their station wagon on the way to the campgrounds, and they'd been sideswiped by a mail truck. Camper looked fine, but the whole side of the station wagon was one long gash. The emergency medical truck was parked just ahead, and Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin was inside it bein' cared for—head wounds on both of 'em, and they were pretty sure Mrs. Coughlin had some cracked ribs. Their little boy, Georgie, was uninjured, an' he was sittin' in one of the police cars. Poor kid looked scared to death.

Bull motioned for us to pull over, an' we parked our bikes under the overpass out of the way of traffic. Then Bull went right to the medical truck and talked to the Coughlins. He asked if he could ride the boy home and watch after him till they got back from the hospital. "No sense him havin' to spend another minute alone and scared to death in that cop car, or in the waitin' room at emergency," said Bulldog.

The Coughlins thanked him and gave him their house keys, and Bull an' me walked back to the cop car. The minute Bull opened the door an' got a close view of that shiverin' little boy, he became a whole other person than I'd ever seen before—than I'd ever had the sense to see. He scooted in next to Georgie, wiped the tears from the boy's eyes, an' told him in a real soft voice that his folks was gonna be fine but they'd have to go to the hospital for a while so "Ol' Bulldog's gonna take you home." Georgie put his arms 'round Bull's big neck, an' Bull scooped the ten-year-old up in the crook of one arm, lifted him gentle out of the cop car, an' carried him to the bikes, me followin'.

Georgie was so done in by the accident, even though he wasn't injured, and he'd been so worried about his folks that he was real weak in the knees, so Bulldog carried him into the house and up to his room. The boy was almost asleep by the time we got to the head of the stairs. I pulled back the covers, and Bull laid Georgie down on the bed.

"We'll be right here with you ever' minute. Okay?"

I sat down in a chair on the other side of the room. Bull was sittin' on the edge of the bed beside Georgie. I fell asleep a few minutes later, but Bull never even nodded. I'm sure of that.

It was after two in the mornin' when the Coughlins got home. Bull woke me up, and Mrs. Coughlin thanked us both for lookin' after her Georgie, even though I'd slept most of the time. Then Bull an' me went home.

I was in a funny mood—not a bad mood, just a funny one. I wanted somethin', but didn't know what. I wanted somethin' from Bulldog. Without sayin' anything, I stripped and wrapped myself up in a big blanket an' sat down in front of the fire. I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around my knees and rocked back an' forth.

"Is my little boy cold an' hungry?" Bulldog said softly from behind me.

I looked back at him and smiled, and he smiled back at me. He had known what I wanted without me tellin' him. I *couldn't* have told him anyway, because I didn't know what I wanted. Not till he offered it to me. What he was offerin' was to treat me like his little boy, to tend to me like he'd tended to Georgie. That was exactly what I wanted, what I needed. And it was exactly what I got. And then some.

Bull heated up a mug of soup for me. He sat near me and watched as I drank it down. Then he took the mug back into the kitchen, an' I heard him in there washin' it out. When he came back, he sat down on the floor behind me, wrapped the blanket real tight around me, spread-eagled himself, and scooted me in between his thighs. He closed his arms real tight around me and started rockin' me like a baby.

I could feel my daddy's meat swellin' up against my ass crack, an' I felt like I didn't ever wanta sleep, didn't ever wanta move from where I was—in the arms of a man who'd whip my ass when I was bad, wrap himself around me when I was afraid, reassure me when I doubted myself, wipe my tears when I was sad, make love to me when I needed lovin'.

He nuzzled his face into the back of my neck and kissed me there. I could feel his eyelashes blinkin' against my skin. I could feel his hard-on slinkin' out of his long johns, slidin' in between my naked cheeks. I knew what he wanted. And I couldn't wait to give it to him.

He turned me around and kissed me all over my face, my neck, my shoulders. He let the blanket fall away from me and ran his big warm hands all over my back. Then he gently lowered me backward to the floor. He parted my legs an' got in between 'em an' raised my ass, an' then ever so slowly slid his meat inside me. . .daddy's meat in my ass, right where it belonged.

He pulled my face against his and gave me a deep kiss, then slipped his tongue out of my mouth and sighed into my ear and started pumpin'. I held his neck real tight and just sailed along with him, my cock crushed and caressed between my hard, smooth stomach and that hairy belly of his. We came together, long waves of gruntin' and groanin' and pushin' and spewin'.

By the time we'd started to calm down, my eyes were full of salty sweat from his chest hairs. Good thing, too. Gave me an excuse for the tears that jes' wouldn't stop pourin' outta my eyes. And then the tears were over, an' our breathin' steadied to a slow and easy rhythm, an' I felt a peace like I'd never known before in my whole life.

We slept through the night right where we were, all wrapped up in each other. First time I'd ever slept with anybody. Pretty damn sure I'll never sleep with anybody else.

Don't need anybody else, for anything. Not as long as I've got my Bulldog daddy to take care of me. An' I've got him. For the long haul. He told me so. An' Bulldog's a man of his word. ■

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SPERM OF GOD

Continued from page 4

prick, and prepared to leave.

His words stopped me. "Goddamn ticks!" he muttered, pulling one of the critters off his thigh. "Mind checking out my back for me?"

It was too much to resist. He turned off the icy water, and I stepped into the stall with him and began going over his back, picking off the tiny creatures who were trying to make a home in his flesh. As I worked my way down toward his beautiful buns, my cock continued to swell, straining at the confines of my shorts and poking out just a little from the right leg.

"It's not just those little buggers who want to get into you, sweetheart," I thought as I knelt to check out his inviting crack.

As if reading my mind, he reached around with his hands, grabbed hold of those glorious cheeks, and spread them apart. I could see between his legs that his cock was getting bigger. And right before my eyes was the round pucker of his asshole, waiting and inviting.

"How does it look?" he asked teasingly.

"Delicious" was my spontaneous reply.

Without a moment's hesitation he pushed his butt back into my face, and my tongue found its mark. He let out a moan of delight as my hands replaced his, spreading his cheeks, and he reached foward to brace himself on the wall and push back hard, driving my tongue even deeper.

"This sure beats leftover enchiladas for breakfast," I thought as I reached between his powerful thighs and grabbed his stiff cock. Delirious with pleasure, he clasped his cheeks again with both hands and slid his two middle fingers up his spit-lubricated asshole. With my free hand, I opened my zipper and released my tortured cock from its denim prison.

"Man, that feels so fucking good," he moaned, rotating his hips.

I reached down to pick up the soap, which had fallen to the floor, and began to lather up my throbbing cock. My dick tingled as I fisted it, at the same time running my tongue up the crack of his ass and all the way up his back to the back of his neck. My soapy prick was now in position.

"Oh yeah, put it in me, man! I want it all the way inside me," he cried, reaching around to position my spear at his asshole.

I pushed forward and the head slid halfway in. Then, with a swift, deliberate motion, he pushed back, completely impaling himself on my shaft. I started pumping in and out, and he matched each of my strokes. Soon I was ready to explode.

Just then we heard someone coming. He turned, my cock still buried inside him, and grabbed his towel, holding it casually in front of him to conceal his hard-on. I had to stand on tiptoe to keep from sliding out, and I started playing with a freckle on his shoulder as if it were a tick.

Our visitor turned out to be Miguel, the Mexican boy who tended the campsite. He came in and sat on the toilet opposite us. My friend spoke to him in Spanish, all the while constricting his sphincter muscles and making it very hard for me to remain nonchalant. Then Miguel said something that started both of them laughing, and the little jerking motion of my friend's ass drove me so crazy I nearly succeeded in removing the freckle from his shoulder.

Finally, Miguel left and my friend said, "Okay, man, people are going to be getting up soon, and I have no intention of letting that beautiful cock of yours out of my ass until we both shoot our loads. Fuck me with everything you've got."

We lowered ourselves to our knees, and I replied, "Sweetheart, I'm going to pump your buns like they've never been pumped before!" I started thrusting wildly, like John Henry out-driving the steam engine, as he beat his meat frantically. I couldn't hold off much longer; nor did I want to. "Goddamn fuck!" I cried. "I'm coming!" With one final plunge, I drove my cock as deep into his quivering hole as it could possibly go and sent my hot load up his ass, and at the same time he let loose a shower of cum onto the wall and floor in front of him.

The sound of voices approaching hastened our disjoining, and I just managed to stuff my slippery cock back into my shorts and step out of the stall as two rather bleary-eyed Frenchmen entered the bathroom.

"What's your name, by the way?" I asked my friend as he turned the water back on.

"David," he said. "And yours?"

"I'm Tony. Hope to see you again," I replied, then set off in search of the magic mushrooms.

The sun had not yet appeared over the distant mountain, but it was quite light as I walked up the narrow dirt road leading to the mushroom fields. I came upon a small stream which, conveniently, came equipped with a log for crossing that even had a wire strung up as a

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I reached between his powerful thighs and grabbed his stiff cock. Delirious with pleasure, he clasped his cheeks again with both hands and slid his two middle fingers up his spit-lubricated asshole. With my free hand, I opened my zipper and released my tortured cock from its denim prison.

guard rail. "How thoughtful," I mused as I negotiated the crossing.

A little further on I saw the young boy I had heard about who helps support his family by selling mushrooms to those among the tourista who are too lazy to fend for themselves. He looked innocent and unassuming, but I had been warned that he drove a hard bargain, so I passed him by.

Up ahead was the gate. "Just open and go through. Nobody minds," I had been told. Before me was a moss-green hill sloping down to the south, with a small herd of long-horned cattle grazing contentedly. As I surveyed the scene before me, the sun began to appear, reflecting diamond-like on drops of dew. It was breathtaking. "Worth the trip," I thought, "even if I don't find any—" And right then I saw it before me, growing smack in the middle of a pile of cow shit, the brown and beige cap—hangos, "the sperm of God."

Once I had found the first, the rest came easy. There they were, growing up fresh each morning, crying out to the passing pilgrim, "Eat me!" In about half an hour I had picked enough to keep me happy for several days. Heading back to the campsite I thought, "Now all I have to do is find that magnificent waterfall that Marc told me about and I'm all set."

As it turned out, I got back just as the two guys I had had dinner with the night before were packing up their van to head out in search of the waterfall, called "MiZolja," which Marc had described. I gladly accepted a ride and made myself comfortable on the bed in the rear of the van as we headed out. Munching casually on my first mushroom, I decided that these two must be lovers. Who else would carry linen napkins on a camping trip?

We followed a winding road (that was missing crucial parts) up the side of the mountian. At one point we were behind a second-class bus belching noxious fumes in our general direction. We finally passed it and after a bit turned off down a dirt road.

The sound came first, a whisper at first that grew to a mighty rush as we approached. We got out of the van and walked to the edge of the steep embankment overlooking the pool. There, in all her glory, was MiZolja, the mother of all waterfalls, cascading about 150 feet straight down in three graceful streams over the edge of a cliff overgrown with lush green vegetation.

As I walked down the makeshift steps to the pool, I saw a rainbow where the water sprayed out in a fine mist over the rocks. I made my way to a large tree that lay across the edge of the pool and sat down. The magic mushrooms—I had eaten three—were beginning to take effect. I remained transfixed, staring at the waterfalls for I don't know how long, just me and MiZolja and nothing else in the universe.

Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind as clearly as if someone had spoken it: "Turn around." I did, and I discovered a whole new world, a series of pools, rapids, and small waterfall wandering off into the jungle. "Time to explore! Adventure is waiting!" the mushrooms whispered inside my head. I began to make my way downstream, stepping carefully from one sharp and slippery rock to the next. "It would be just like me," I thought, "to fall and injure myself and be so blissed out on these mushrooms I wouldn't even notice."

I paused at the mouth of another pool, more beautiful than any I had seen so far. The water ran swiftly over a narrow rock ledge and fell only about six inches into what looked like a whirlpool bath, the water a deep wintergreen in the center and spreading out into a shining emerald green. "The mouth of Eden," I thought as I slipped out of my shorts and stood naked in the sunshine, the first man. The mushrooms were taking over my body. I felt a tingle from head to foot. I reached down and started casually playing with my cock, treasuring the vibrant warmth. The water was so inviting that, forgetting my customary one-toe-at-a-time approach, I dived in.

It was at that moment that the mushrooms chose to explode inside my brain...

I am engulfed in a whirlpool of swirling green laughter, suspended in time. I am in the water and part of it, fluid and crystal clear. A tiny voice in the back of my mind whispers, "Don't forget to breathe." My head breaks the surface, and as my lungs fill with air, I see my point of entry upstream. Everything looks different, out of perspective, elongated and yet sharply defined, lambent. Everything is alive. On the ledge where I had stood naked I see something growing up out of the rock and water.

Fighting the swift current I swim with all my effort. My hand reaches rock and I hold on, submerged in the swirling waters, looking up at the ledge. A mound of soft brown earth has appeared in the middle of the

Continued to page 68

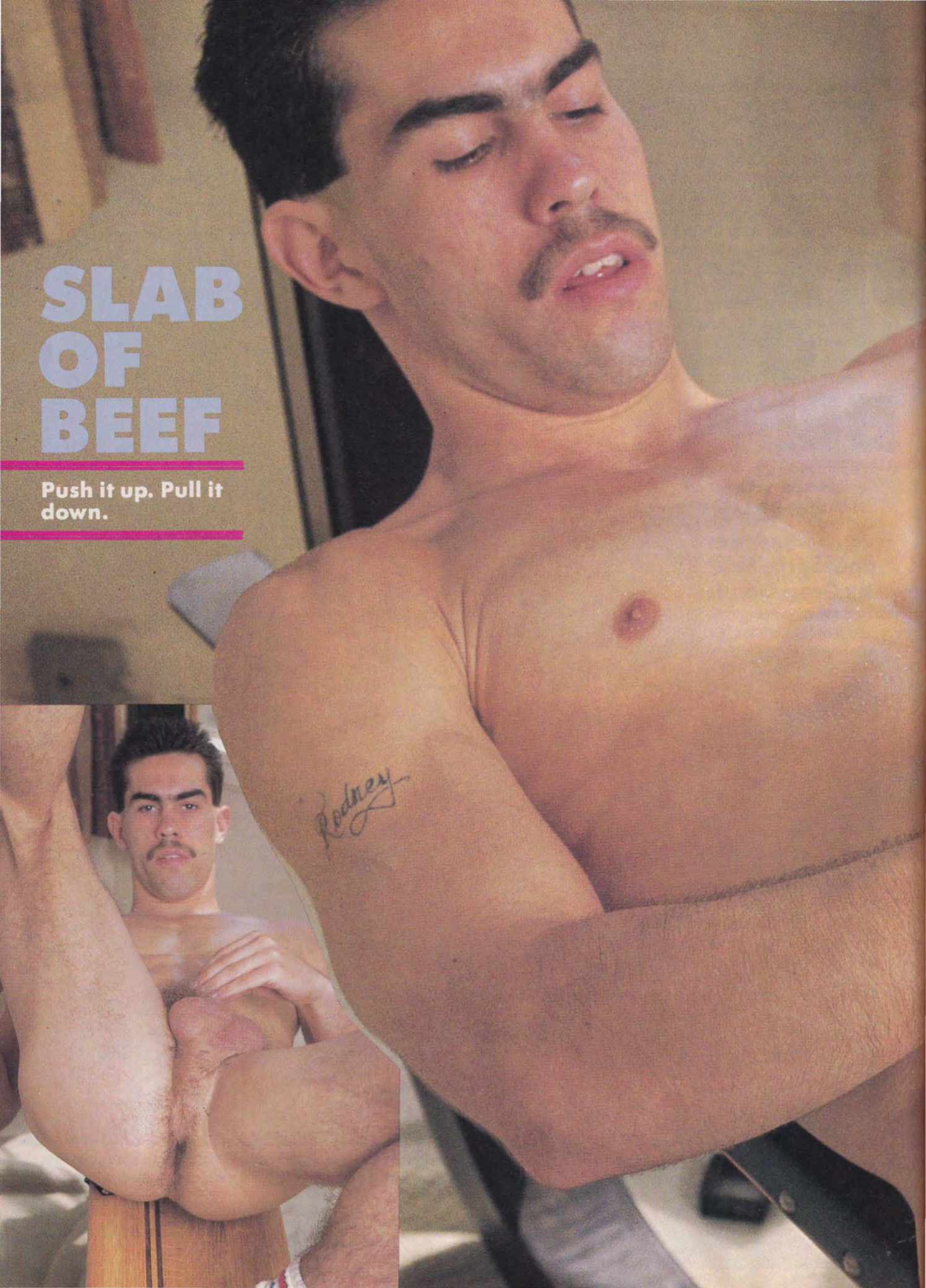
SLAB OF BEEF

Hard work. Hard play.

Section photographed by Greg Cloud

SLAB OF BEEF

Push it up. Pull it down.



SLAB
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SLAB OF BEEF

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stream. Growing from the center of this mound, surrounded by soft, dark moss, is a single mushroom. It invites me closer. The cap, a dark chocolate color with just a touch of reddish purple, is partly hooded by a dark brown sheath. Before my eyes, the mushroom grows, and voices whisper, "Eat me...hangos...the sperm of God..."

I lower my mouth to the satin-smooth cap and touch it tentatively with my tongue. The taste is sweet and familiar. The mushroom continues to grow, the cap now fully exposed and glistening in the sunlight. I open my mouth wide and then close it around the cap and a major portion of the thick stem. Then I realize it is not a mushroom but a cock. My eyes grace a line from the base of the shaft through the dark tangle of hair and up the taut muscles of the stomach and chest to the face. It seems so far away, this face smiling down on me like a painting by El Greco. The face is dark, with intense black eyes and high cheekbones. The hair is coal black and hangs straight to the shoulders. The mouth, opened wide in smile, reveals perfect ivory teeth. It is a Mayan prince, surely, imported from a distant era to the here and now by the magic of the mushrooms.

He does not speak, but inside my head I hear, "Go ahead, white man, worship the mighty mushroom-cock and be transformed."

I move in closer and grab hold of his waist with one arm, and he wraps his powerful legs around me, supporting me on the edge of the rapids. My cock, submerged in the rushing water, throbs in time with the thousands of tiny bubbles massaging it. I take hold of the prize before me and marvel at its enormity. I pull the foreskin up over the glorious cap and back down again. Up and down, up and down, now concealed, now revealed. I take the prize into my mouth and down my throat as far as it will go. Strong legs tighten their grip, hips thrust upward sending the rod deeper still, and a low moan escapes from between full, ripe lips. Just a little further...yes, I can do it...and soon my nose is nestled in the rich, curly growth, my tongue licking the pendulous balls.

The first phase of my initiation is complete. I know that the ritual will not be over until I am fucked by my mushroom prince.

Slowly, inch by inch, I extract the wondrous wand from my mouth. He knows what I want, what we both want. He lifts me out of the water with his powerful legs, and I work my way up his body, licking the sweet, chocolate flesh. Our mouths meet, and I suck with delight on the long tongue that fills my mouth. Astride his waist, I rub my ass up and down his slippery cock. I am in heaven, or soon to be.

He pulls me forward until my asshole is just above his mouth. He licks, gently at first, sending rushes of pleasure through my body. Then a mighty thrust, and his tongue is inside me, further than I ever knew a tongue could go. I grab my cock and start to stroke it as he continues his wild tongue-fuck, in and out, further and faster. I feel a familiar sensation in my balls and withdraw my hand from my cock. Not yet—I must have him all the way inside me. I lower my ass to his monstrous cock. I am the human sacrifice, about to be impaled on an altar of flesh.

The tip of his cock is at its mark. The final initiation begins.

He begins a musical chant in harmony with the waterfall and the laughing rapids. I push down, and the mushroom cock slowly makes its entrance. Pain mingles with pleasure as, inch by inch, I take him inside me and his chant rises in pitch and volume. One final thrust and we are united. I begin to rock back and forth. He takes hold of my ass and lifts me until just the head remains inside. Then he lowers me and we are joined again. Over and over the motion is repeated, steadily increasing in speed and power. I hear drums; I hear a thousand voices chanting together.

"Fuck me, mushroom prince," I whisper. "Fuck me into eternity. Accept me as the sacrifice. Plant your seed in me."

My hand on my cock is beating furiously in time to the drums. The tempo becomes savage as we strain toward completion. Without

warning, he sits up and propels us both, still joined, still fucking madly, into the laughing waters. The sound and bubbles engulf me. We are suspended in time and space. Nothing exists but the mighty cock inside me, stabbing, stabbing, stabbing. Then we explode, his seed filling my ass to overflowing, mine dispersing in the roiling waters. Suddenly all is black and silent. I am unconscious.

When I awoke I was lying on a rock downstream from the ledge. I was alone. Had it been a dream? I didn't know. But the feeling in my asshole told me that something had happened.

I felt too weak to swim, so I carefully climbed back up to the spot where I had left my shorts. The mouth of Eden looked the same as when I had first seen it. No sign at all of what had transpired. Somewhat confused, I slipped on my shorts and made my way back to the main pool.

As I approached, I saw Marco and John, the guys that had given me the ride, sitting on a big rock sharing a joint with someone. They motioned me to join them. When I got closer, I saw that it was David, my friend from the shower. I had forgotten about that. Was it possible that all this had happened in one day? It must be very late, I thought. But then I looked up at the sun and saw that it was only midday.

"Anyone want to go up to the van and eat some mushrooms?" asked Marco.

David, holding his reply, looked to me for mine. He stood up in front of me, and staring down at me from that angle he began to look familiar—not from the shower but from...

"Yes. Great idea," I said to Marco, but with my eyes fixed on David.

"Yes," said David, winking at me.

We started back to the van, David, head held high like a prince, walking ahead of me. I walked in his shadow, in his footsteps, my head bowed, my body tingling as I anticipated the next step in my initiation. ■

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JOHN WHALEN

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And there was always a reason for drugs or alcohol: insults from some kid on the street; loneliness; everyone at work talking about their children and marriages.

Now that I'm sober I know that bottles and pills don't provide answers to the problems of living in a straight world. I accept myself as a proud, strong gay person.

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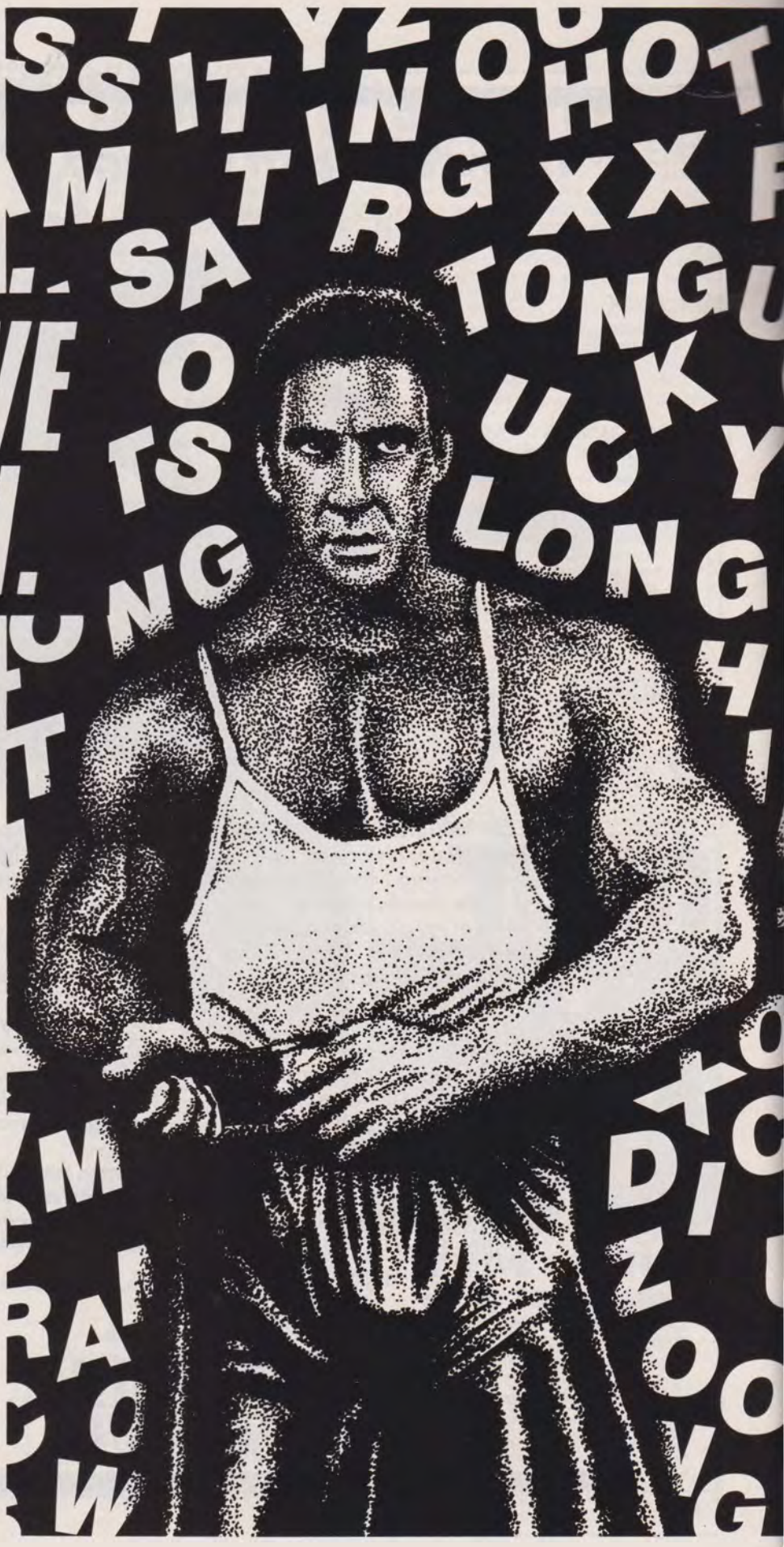


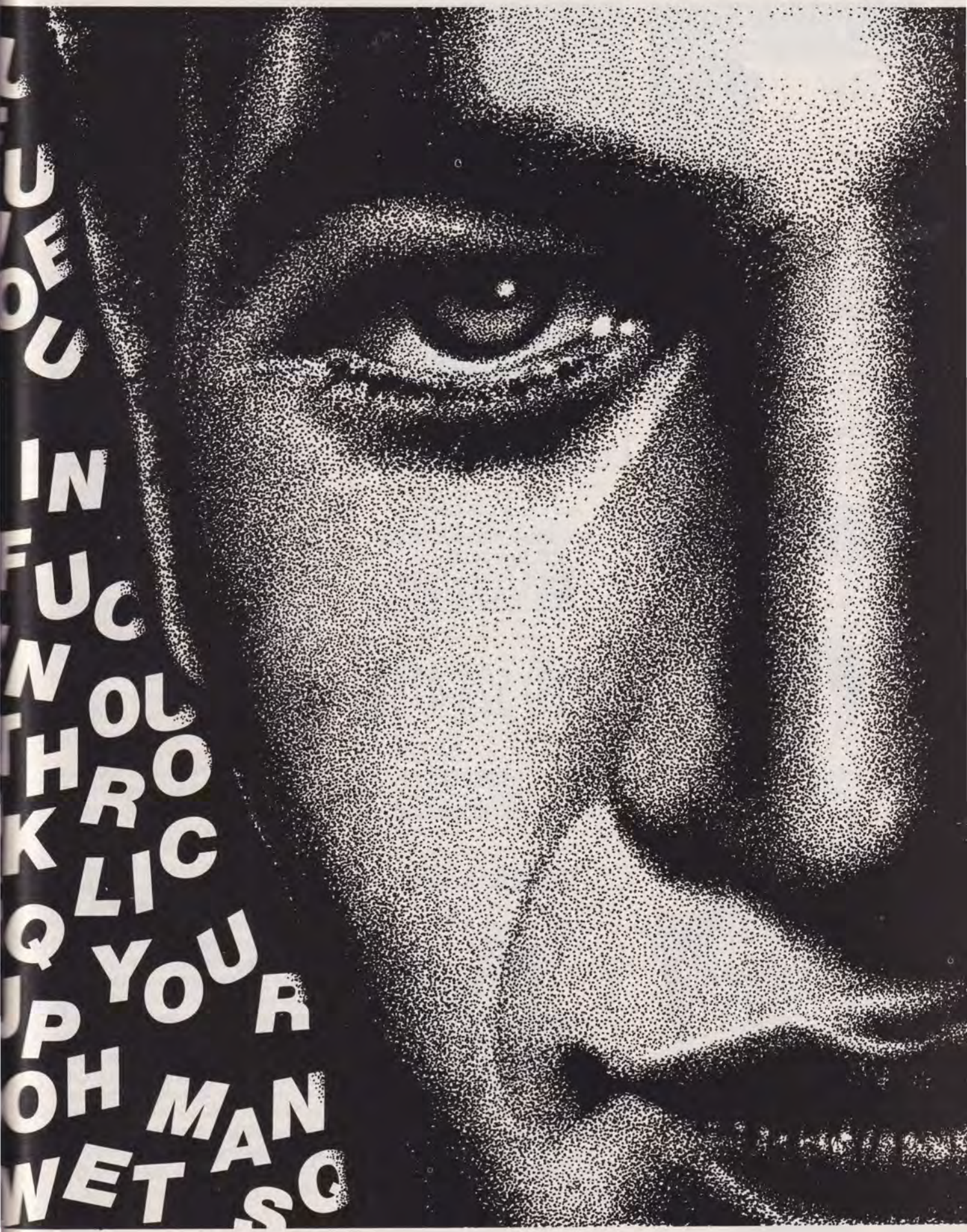
By Chris Jehle
Art By Alexander

He had on a white T-shirt, white socks, and white tennis shoes. He wore bright yellow shorts. He had a light complexion, blond hair, and a football player's build. He was sexy as hell and staring straight at me.

He was also ugly.

Sexy but ugly.

It took me the longest time to realize he was cruising me. Sure, he'd stare at me whenever we met, but he never spoke, never even smiled. And I never saw him without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his workout partner, a guy who'd been coming to the gym for years, one my friends and I had long ago classified as a one-hundred-percent U.S. Grade-A Heterosexual.

Damn it, he *couldn't* be cruising me. Maybe we'd met before and he was trying to place me. Maybe I reminded him of someone and he couldn't figure out just who it was. Maybe I was doing my workout all wrong and he was simply aghast at what he saw.

But he could *not* be gay. He was too butch. Too serious.

Too ugly.

Weeks passed. For the first time in my life I began to see just how sexy an ugly man could be. Before this I'd always gone for the distinguished, gray-haired executive type. Or, failing that, a clone of myself: a stocky blond with a "fuck me" smile and a flawless ass. (Who said opposites attract?) But there I was, falling fast for a guy whose main appeal lay in the fact that his mouth dropped open every time he caught a glimpse of me. A walking, apparently non-talking dummy with thick lips, a broken nose, and cauliflower ears.

Sure, he had a spectacular torso, massive biceps, a washboard stomach, an ass you couldn't help but want hovering over your face, nice, big hairy thighs, and a couple of cantaloupes for calves. So what?

He was still ugly, wasn't he?

Wednesday

Walking toward the showers, nude, towel in hand, I see him coming up from the basement, headed toward the water cooler. I get there first, look him straight in the eye, and say, "Hi, Mister," in my sexiest voice. A magical, little-boy-on-Christmas-Day smile appears on his face, and he nods his head. As I bend over to get a drink of water, I'm not surprised to feel his calloused hand slide between my widespread legs. His sandpaper fingertips climb upward, gripping and massaging first my inner thighs, then the twin globes of my rear end. His thumb travels down my hairy crack, and, reaching through, he grabs my low-slung balls and pulls them between my legs, enjoying my obvious body tension as he squeezes them. When he releases them, I turn, weak-kneed, to face him.

His sandpaper fingers climb upward, gripping and massaging first my inner thighs, then the twin globes of my rear end. His thumb travels down my hairy crack, and, reaching through, he grabs my low-slung balls and pulls them between my legs, enjoying my obvious body tension as he squeezes them.

"I'm Kurt." His voice is husky, warmer and more intelligent than I'd imagined it would be.

"Chris."

"Nice to meet you, Chris."

And then he's gone, leaving me standing there wondering if I've imagined the whole episode, with only my seven-and-a-half-inch erection to prove otherwise.

I finish my workout without catching sight of him. This is disappointing but not altogether unusual since he works out in the basement (free weights) and only comes upstairs to use the leg machines (Nautilus).

I hit the locker room and there he stands, fresh out of the showers, toweling off in front of his locker, which, as luck would have it, is immediately above mine.

"Seems I'm right underneath you tonight." Crude but effective.

He responds with a low, guttural sound, then standing motionless beside me, he gapes as I strip off my sweaty gym clothes. When I crouch down to throw them into my locker, he places one foot on the bench behind me (so I can't escape, so I have an even better view of his perfectly proportioned equipment) and says, "While you're down there, maybe you wouldn't mind helping a guy out..."

Looking up, I see his cock elevating itself into a monumental erection. Without taking my eyes off it, I ask, "where's your buddy tonight?"

"Huh?"

"The guy I always see you with?"

"Oh—Larry. Took the wife and kids to Disneyland."

"So you're all alone?"

"Uh-huh. Too bad, too," he adds, scratching under his balls so that his meat jumps up and down in front of my face. "I could use a buddy tonight."

"I take a *very* quick shower."

"That steam room down there..."

"Not my style. I think we ought to do this properly."

"Ten minutes."

Now it was my turn: "Huh?"

"You've got ten minutes. To shower. Dress. Be ready to go."

I stand up and grasp that baseball bat of his with both my hands. "You mean, I've got a minute for every inch?"

"Nope. Just ten minutes."

It turns out he lives on Henry Street, right off Castro, top floor of a three-story showplace. He starts pulling off my clothes as we climb the stairs (jacket, shirt; on the second floor landing he takes my shoes away from me). The minute his front door slams behind us, he yanks my jeans down around my ankles and zeroes in on my jockey shorts. After a few seconds of gnawing on my cotton-covered bulge, he rips away my shorts and goes to work on my flesh. He's a natural-born cocksucker with an eagerness to get results: in a matter of minutes I'm forced to pull away from him in order to keep from coming.

I stand him up against the door. "I want to undress you in the light. I want to see what I've got here."

"Let's go to the bedroom then. I'll build a fire."

In the firelight, his crude features are reminiscent of those powerful primitive statues you see in museums, a god carved in the image of prehistoric man, his magnificent chest burnished red and orange, glowing with the reflected flames, his nipples standing erect in the cold air. I bend over and take the left one in my mouth. He responds with a groan and presses my head harder against his body. Gradually he sinks to his knees, then stretches flat out on his back in front of the fire.

I trail my tongue along the hard ridges of his stomach muscles till my progress is halted by the top of his Levi's. These I unbutton with my teeth, and then, with his help, I pull them down over his hips. In the process, his underwear is pulled down far enough so that his swollen cockhead lies exposed above the elastic waistband. I stop momentarily to suck the drop of pre-cum leaking from his pisshole.

Almost immediately, I resume my task of lowering his Levi's. His thighs appear next—the size of tree trunks and covered all over with a thick mat of blond hair. Then his calves, weighty and powerful. I slip off his running shoes and remove his pants.

Lying there before me, clad only in shorts and thick white socks, he looks like an ad for a porno movie.

How could I ever have considered him ugly?

He sits up and, pulling me close to him, kisses me deeply. "Now that you've had a chance to see what you've got, what do you want to do with it, huh?"

There's only one possible answer to his question, and I give it: "I want you inside me."

"Are you sure you can take it?"

I tremble slightly. I've never had a man this size before. But there's no backing down now: I nod my head.

"Without lube?"

I must have looked quite startled. He laughs a little when he sees my reaction.

"I don't use it," he says. "I like the men I fuck to know exactly what they're getting"

I can't speak. Words just won't come.

"I'll try and be gentle," he promises, standing up, "but before we get started, how about a little..."

He brings my head close to his body. Kneeling before him I scrape my teeth across his belly, biting and sucking and drawing into my mouth what little extra flesh I can find there. As I swallow the head of his dick, I hitch my fingers under the top of his jockey shorts and inch them down toward the floor. As more and more of his meat is thus exposed, my throat makes every attempt to accommodate the man-sized meal it's being given. Not until I reach the two-thirds mark do I have any real difficulty; here he allows me to pause until I can accustom myself to the stretch. In the end I find I can handle all but the last inch or so. Apparently this is enough to satisfy him, judging from the rigidness of his cock.

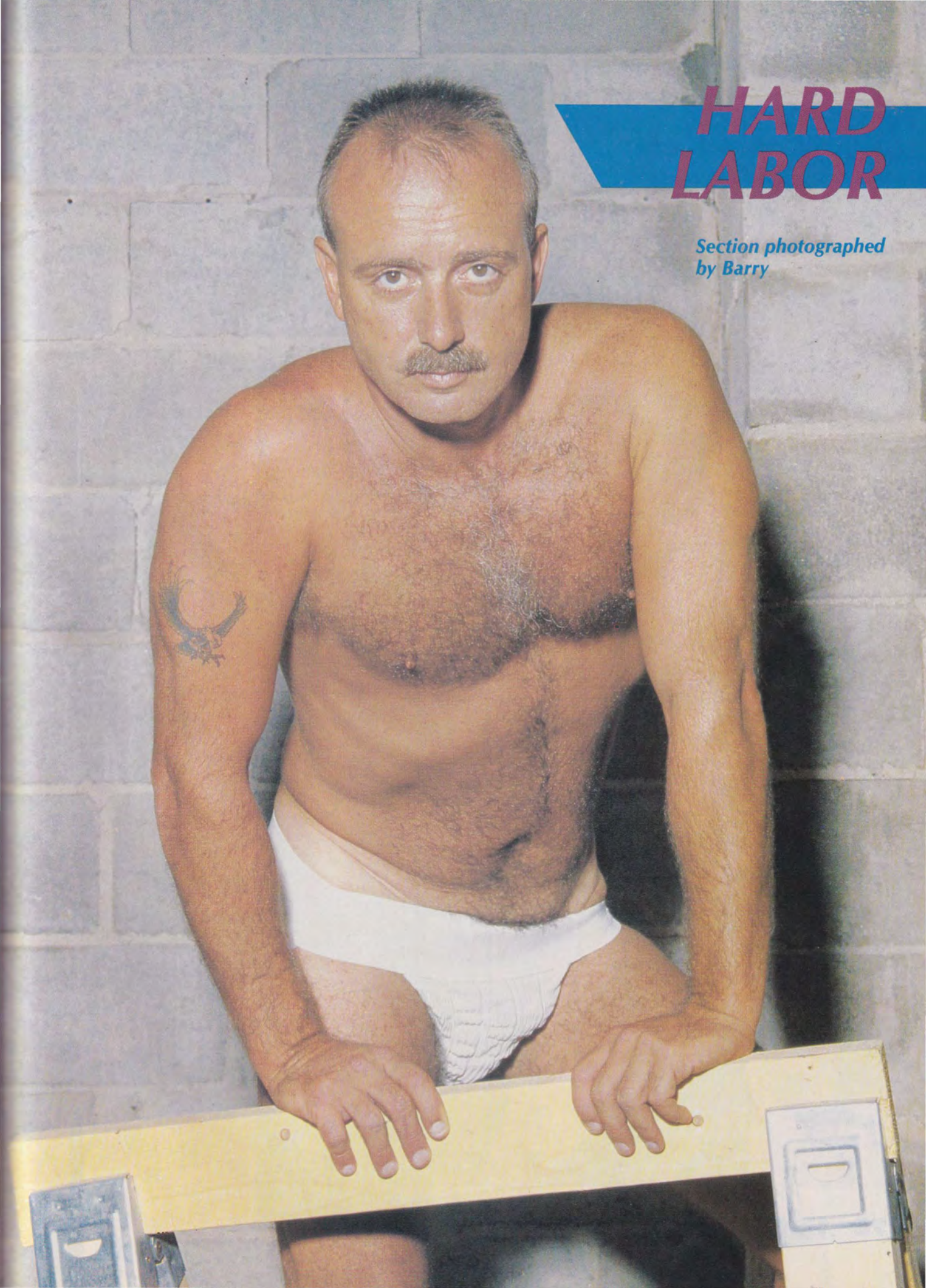
"Yeah, that's it, Chris, suck me. Show me how eager you are to have that dick inside your tight ass. Come on now, get it nice and wet, 'cause that's all the lube you're gonna get. Make me feel like a man, little boy."

A minute later he grabs a handful of my hair and draws me to my feet. He kisses me once, hard on the lips, then turns me around and, with a shove, sends me sprawling onto the bed.

I get a rough spanking—six or seven slaps, none of them minor—before he lowers his head down into my crevice and proceeds to rim me out good. His end-of-the-day stubble excites me as much as his deep-diving tongue, but it's knowing what's coming next that makes me squirm so underneath him. When at last he places himself against my hole, I hear him promise me, "Boy, this is one fucking you will never forget."

Not hesitating for a second, he drives deep into me until his dick is buried to the hilt, his balls jammed between his upper thighs and my cheeks. I scream. He pushes my

Continued to page 88

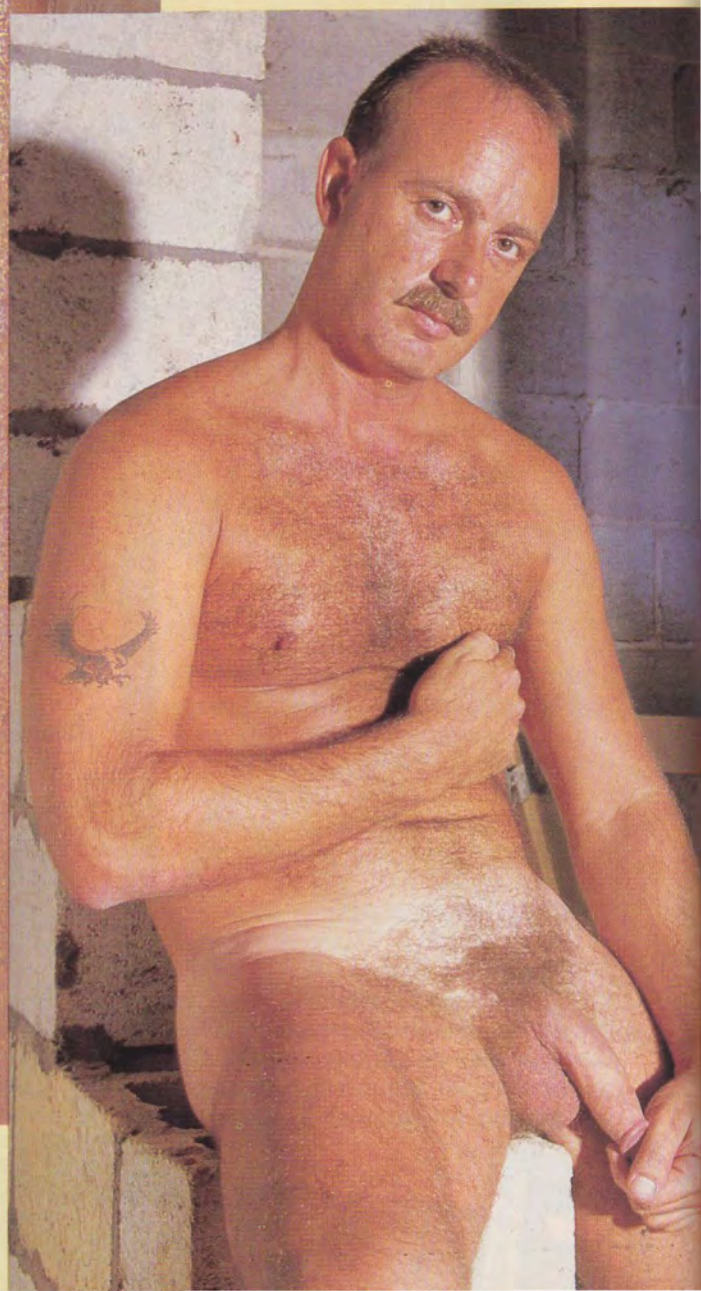


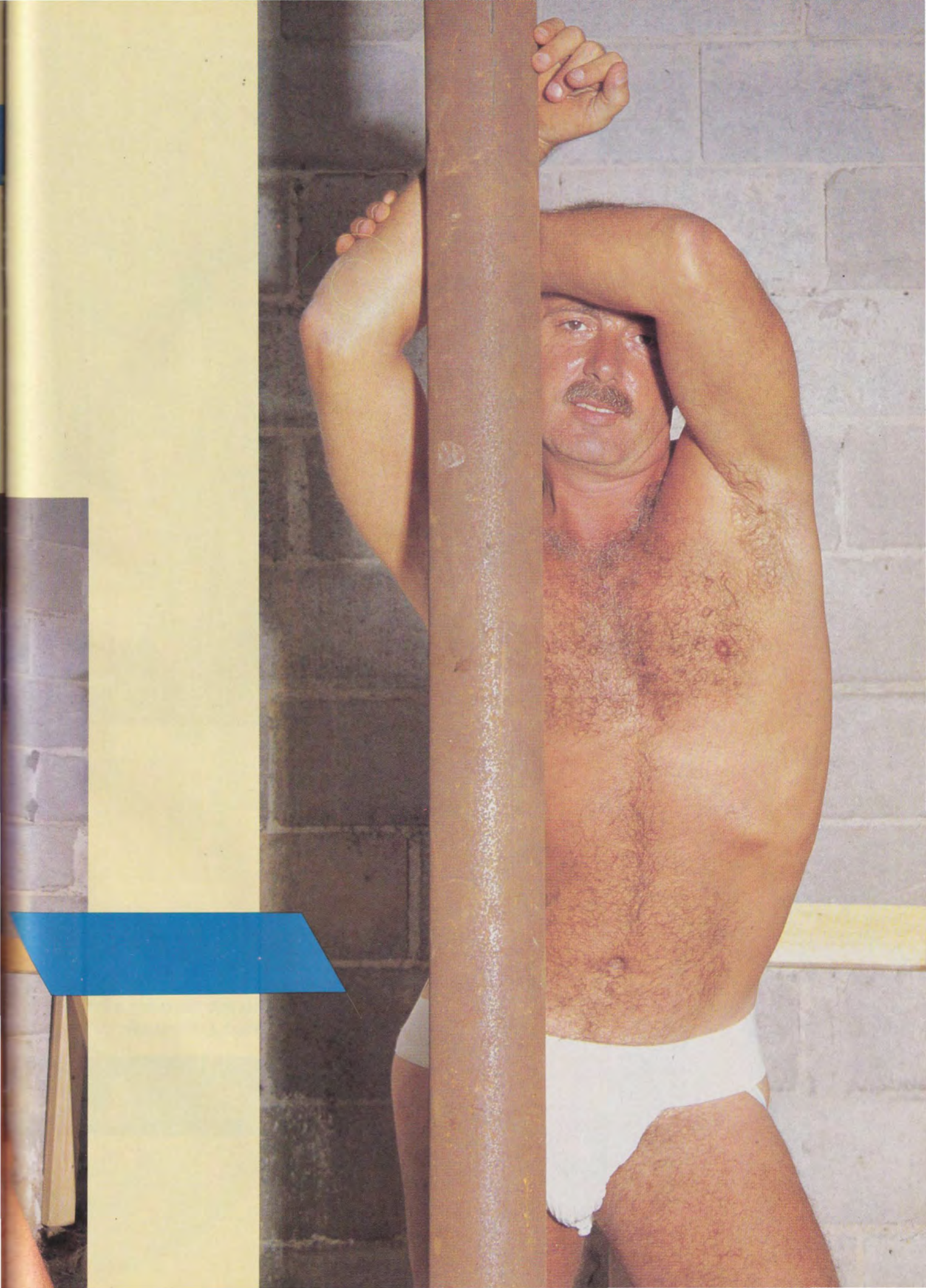
HARD LABOR

Section photographed by Barry

HARD LABOR

He's putting in some overtime down at the site.

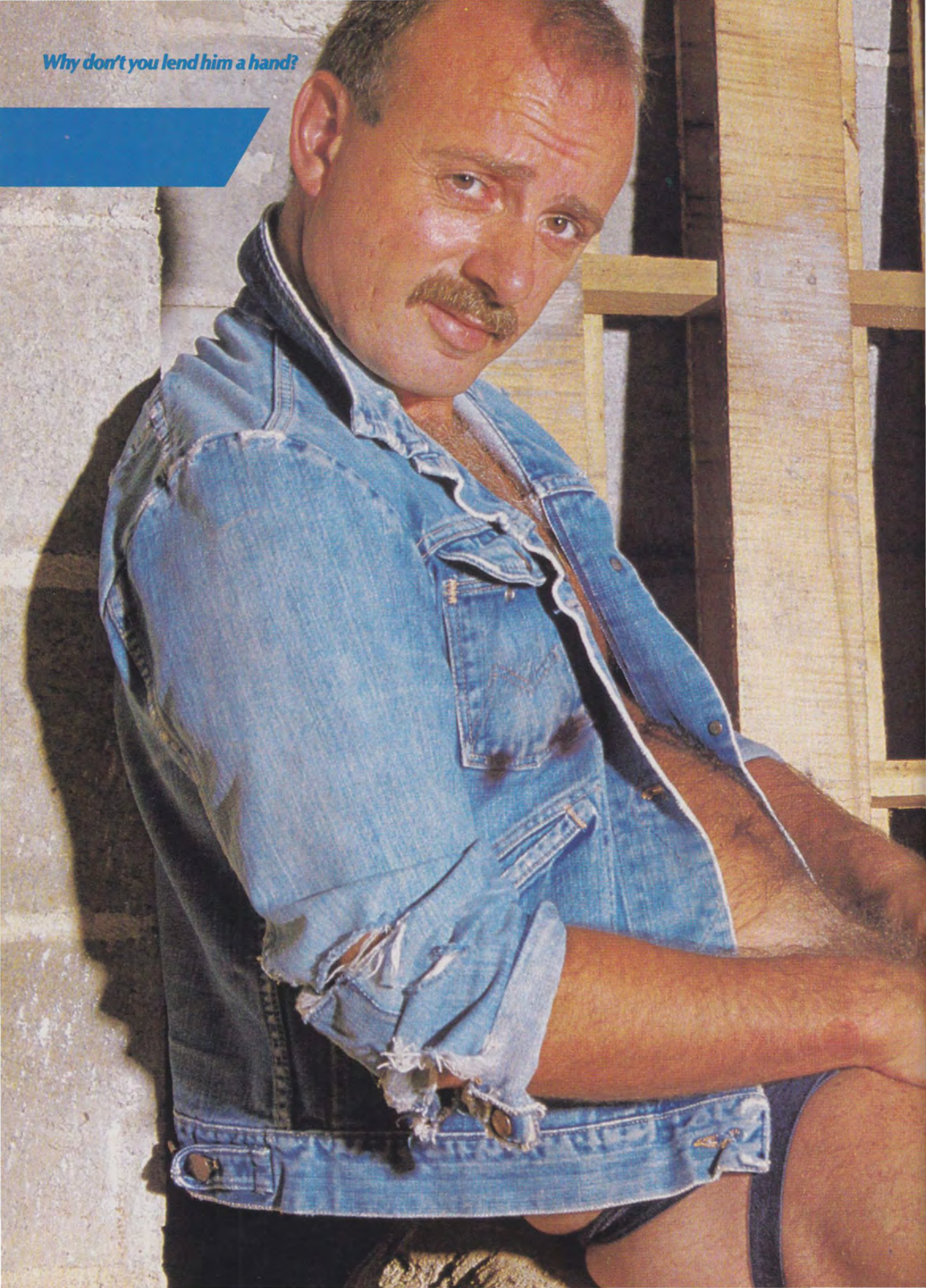


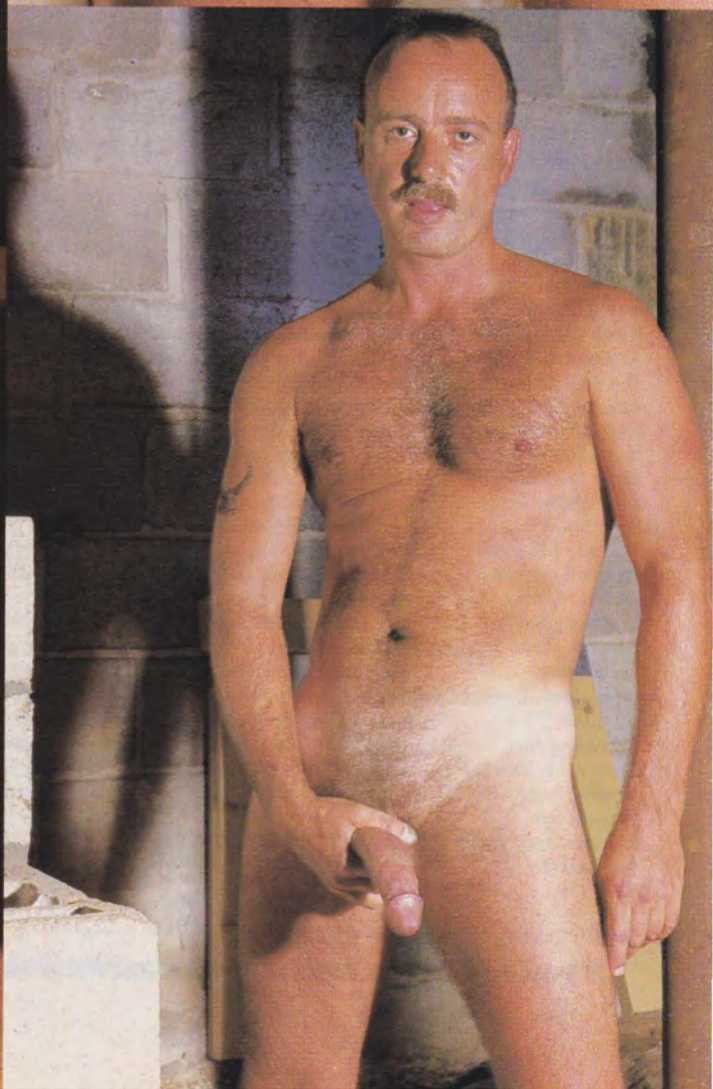


HARD LABOR

This job requires a lot of sweat and muscle.

Why don't you lend him a hand?





Bijou Video Sales' semi-annual storewide sale. Save on over 1100 gay X-rated video tapes.

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Erotic Hands

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from William Higgins
Beyond Hawaii
California Summer
Class Reunion
Cousins
Delivery Boys
Frathouse Memories
French Lieutenant's Boys
Hot Rods
(The Young & the Hung II)
Leo and Lance
Pipeline
The Pizza Boy
Preppy Summer
Route 69
Sailor in the Wild
Screen Test
These Bases Are Loaded
They Work Hard
for Their Money
The Young and the Hung

from Buckshot
The Best of Buckshot
The Company We Keep
Easy Entry
Every Which Way
Private Party
Triple Treat

from Matt Sterling
Bigger Than Life
The Bigger the Better
Inch by Inch
Like a Horse
A Matter of Size
Sizing Up

from YMAC
Anywhere, Anytime
The Boys of Mardi Gras
Boys on Film
Desert Paradise
Hot, High and Horny
Jacks Are Better
Peep Show
Peep Show II
Pleasure Mountain
Private Collection
of Larry Bronco
Southbay Boys
Summer Days, Summer Lovers
Surfer Blue

from Jean-Daniel Cadinot
All of Me
Becoming Men
Carnival in Venice
Coming Soon
Dreamboys
In Tense Heat
Sex Bazaar
Sex Drive
Ski Fever
Thick'n Creamy
Tough and Tender
Under the Sign of the Stallion

from Al Parker/ Surge Studios
Best of Surge
Century Mining
Hard Disk Drive
Head Trips
High Tech
One in a Billion
Oversize Load
Rangers
Strange Places,
Strange Things
Therapy
Turned On *(Steve Scott)*

Bi-sexual video from Catalina
Bi-Bi Love
Bi-Coastal
The Big Switch
Bi-Sexual Fantasies
Heatwaves
Innocence Lost
Passion by Fire (Big Switch II)
The Switch Is On

other
All the Right Boys
Bait
Beach Ballers
Below the Belt
Best Friends
The Best of Times
The Best Stallions
Bi-Bi American Style *(bi-sexual)*
Big Guns
The Bigger They Come
The Biggest One I Ever Saw
Black Attack
Blonds Do It Best
Blue Angel
Body Scorchers
Bondage Voyeur
Boys Camp Memories
Boys in the Sand II
Boys Just Wanna Have Sex
The Boys of Company F
The British Are Coming
Bulging Jockstraps
Buster Goes to Laguna
California Blue
Cashload
Chip off the Old Block
Classmates *(Toby Ross)*
Collage
Collage II
Deep Inside
Discharged
Dock 9
Down to His Knee
Dynastud
Eighteen Candles
The Exchange
Fantasize
Fast Friends
Fresh Men
Freshman Fantasies
Full Grown/Full Blown
Full House
Gayracula
Getting It
Gold Rush Boys *(Steve Scott)*
Gotta Have It
Growing Years
Hang Ten
Hard Choices
Hard to Believe
Hard to Come By
Hitchhikers
Hollywood Gigolo
Hot Male Mechanics
Hot on His Tail
In Hot Pursuit
Inevitable Love
It's the Size That Counts
Ivy Blues
J. Brian's Flashbacks
Job Site
Jocks
John Holmes' Private Pleasures
Looking Good
Making It Big
Male-O-Gram
Man O'Man
Man Size
Mansplash
Men of the Midway
Men on the Loose
Mikey Likes It!
Mocha Madness
Modern Men, Modern Toys
Motel California
Move Over, Johnny
Naked Lunch
Nightcrawler
Nine-and-a-Half Inches
Oasis
On Fire
On Top
One Size Fits All
Outpost
Perfect Ten
A Physical Education
Play Safely
Pleasure Peak
Pounder
Powertool
Pump
Rebel
Recruit Me
Rock Hard *(70 minute j/o)*
Rodeo
San Diego Summer
San Francisco Packing Co.
Santa Monica Boulevard
Scores
Screen Play *(Steve Scott)*
Sgt. Swann's Private Files
Sex Hunt
Sex Messengers
Sighs
Skin Deep
Social Studies
Southern Comforts
The Spirit Is Willing
Spring Semester
Steal My Stuff
Stick Shift
Sticky Business
Stiff Sentence
Strokers
Studbusters
Student Bodies
Suckcess
Summer Heat
Sun-Kissed
Sunstroke
Switch Hitters II *(bi-sexual)*
Thinking Big
Tough Competition
Tough Iron
Track Meet *(Steve Scott)*
Try Anything Once
Two Handfuls
Tyger Tales
Weekend Workout
What the Big Boys Eat
When a Stranger Comes
Windows

Special Interest tapes
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Bondage Tease
Captive Men
Double Header *(shaving)*
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and Body Piercing
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Mess
Shave Slave

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from William Higgins
Best Little Warehouse in L.A.
Boys of San Francisco
Brotherload
Brothers Should Do It
Kip Noll, Superstar
Malibu Days/Big Bear Nights
Members Only
Printers' Devils
The Young Olympians

from Joe Gage
Closed Set
Closed Set II
El Paso Wrecking Corp.
Handsome
Heatstroke
Kansas City Trucking Co.
L.A. Tool & Die

from Matt Sterling
Huge I
Huge II

from Steve Scott
Dangerous
Doing It
A Few Good Men
Flashback
Games
Greenhorn
I Do
Inches
Non-Stop

other
All American Boy
All American Boys
All American Boys in Heat
All Tied Up
Arcade
Bad Boys Dormitory

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cheap thrills

Bathhouse Fantasies
The Best Men
Best of Colt, Vol. 1–6
($57.95 each)
Bi-Bi Black Boys *(bi-sexual)*
Bi-Ceps *(bi-sexual)*
Big Favors
Big Men on Campus
Black Hombres
Black Shafts
Black Workout
Black Workout II
Blacklode
Blown Away
Buckshot
BulletPac 1–9 *($57.95 each)*
Buster: The Best Years
California Wet
Campus Jocks
Caribbean Cruising
Chain Reactions
Christopher Rage's Orgy
Coverboy
Cruisin' the Castro
Cum-pany Ass-ets
Deep Chocolate
Deep Thrust
Desert Heat
Dreamer
Dude *("Le Beau Mec")*
F-Stop
Faces
FalconPac 1
("The Other Side of Aspen")
FalconPac 2–23 *($57.95 each)*
FalconPac 24 *("Style")*
FalconPac 25–28 *($57.95 each)*
FalconPac 29 *("Huge I")*
FalconPac 30
FalconPac 31 *("Huge II")*
FalconPac 32
("The New Breed")
FalconPac 33 *("Spokes")*
FalconPac 34
("Winner Takes All")
FalconPac 36–39 *($57.95 each)*
FalconPac 40 *("Splash Shots")*
FalconPac 41 *("Nightflight")*
FalconPac 42–45 *($57.95 each)*
FalconPac 46
("Spring Training")
Firsts
Fleshtones
Foreplay
Frathouse One
Getting Off Campus
Good Hot Stuff *(Buckshot)*
Good Men Go Bad
Hard
Hard as They Come
Hard Men at Work
Hard Money
H.E.A.T.
The Heat Goes On
Heavy Equipment
Hot off the Press
Hot Shots *(with Casey Donovan)*
Hot Truckin'
Hotel Hell
Hung and Horny
Hunk *(with Roger)*
International Skin
Jacks Are Wild
Jailmates
King Size
Knockout
L.A. Boiling Point
Long Johns
Made in the Shade, Part 1
Made in the Shade, Part 2
Making It Huge
Manheat
Mantalk
Master of the Discipline
Men and Steel
More Than a Mouthful
Muscle Fever
Never Big Enough
Never Ending Studs
New Wave Hustlers
Nothing but the Best
One, Two, Three
Oreo Boys
Outrage
Performance *(Steve Scott)*
Private Collection *(Hand-in-Hand)*
Private Pool Party
Red Hanky Left *(F.F.A.)*
Revenge of the Nighthawk
Rod's Raiders
Room for Rent
Room Service Plus
Room 328
Salt and Pepper Boys
San Francisco Orgy
Seven Card Stud
7-Up and Cummin' *(YMAC)*
Show and Tell
Simply Men
Skin Flix
Slaves for Sale, Part 1
Slaves for Sale, Part 2
Soap Studs
Stud Struck
Studio X
Times Square Strip
Tony's Initiation
Too Hot to Handle
Totally Awesome
Trick Time
Two by Ten *(Steve Scott)*
U.N.C.U.T. Club of L.A.
Valley Boys
The Wild Side
Workload
X-tra Large
Yellow Hanky Left *(Wet Sports)*

~~$59.95~~ **NOW $52.95**

from Hand-in-Hand
Adam and Yves
The Back Row
Ballet down the Highway
Boy-napped
The Boys from Riverside Drive
Casey
Centurians of Rome
The Destroying Angel
Drive
Dune Buddies
Everything Goes
Fire Island Fever
Good Hot Stuff
Hot House
The Idol
In Heat
Jack
Just Blonds
Left-Handed
A Night at the Adonis
The Night Before
Rough Trades
Sex Magic
Station to Station
Strictly Forbidden
Wanted: Billy the Kid
Erection Set
Marine Furlough
Mark
Seamen
Self Service
Truck Stop
Winner's Circle

Jack Travis' Brentwood Classics
Don't Fight It, Kid
Eureka Bound
Hungry Hole
Small Town Boy

other
Alleycats
The Arousers
The Big Surprise
Black on Black *(interracial)*
California Boys
California Homegrown
California Homegrown II
Dirty Picture Show
Eaglepac 1–8 *($52.95 each)*
Face to Face *(Steve Scott)*
Fade In

Sale prices are in effect January 22–April 30, 1988

from Peter Berlin
Nights in Black Leather
That Boy

from J. Brian
Chapter Three
First Time Round
Incest/Brother Love
Male Stampede
Raw Country
Tuesday Morning Workout

from William Higgins
Class of '84, Part 1
Class of '84, Part 2
Pacific Coast Highway

from Toby Ross
Boys Can't Help It
Boys of the Slums
Click Click
Cruising '57
The Diary
Do Me Evil
Family Affair
The Last Surfer
My Straight Friend
Reflections of Youth
Schoolmates

Matt Sterling's Brentwood Classics
Challenger
Ebony Love
Fade Out
501
Flesh 1995
Gay Team
Giants I
Giants II
Good Times Coming
Grease Monkeys
Hard Up *(formerly "Input")*
Hot Roomers
The Hustlers
Input *(see "Hard Up")*
Jock Empire
Johnny Harden and Friends
Men under the Hardhat
Mr. Footlong's Encounters
Night of Submission
Nighthawk in Leather
One Night Stand
Oriental Dick
Pleasure Beach
Rivermen
Seven in a Barn
The Wilde House

Old Reliable tapes
Old Reliable #18
Old Reliable #20
OR #22 *("Basic Black, Vol. 1")*
OR #25 *("Giving Their All")*
OR #28 *("Basic Black, Vol. 2")*
OR #29 *("Big")*

BIJOU VIDEO SALES
THE GAY VIDEO EXPERTS
1349 N. Wells, Chgo, IL 60610

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OR #30 *("Best Solos")*
OR #32 *("Hairy Guys")*
OR #34 *("Solo Action")*
OR #35 *("Tough Talk")*
OR #37 *("Superior Men")*
OR #38 *("Arkansas Luggage")*
OR #39 *("Wrestling, Vol. 8")*
OR #40 *("Shooting Stars")*
Old Reliable #42
("Big Time Excitement")
Old Reliable #43
("Five Days with Phil")
OR #44 *("Basic Black, Vol. 3")*
OR #45 *("J/O Collection")*
OR #46 *("Wrestling")*
Old Reliable #47
("Men Worth Watching")
OR #48 *("Totally Uncut")*
OR #49 *("Hot New Solos)*
OR #50 *("Basic Black, Vol. 4")*
OR #51 *("I, Rick")*
OR #52 *("Guy Next Door")*
OR #53 *("Wrestling, Vol. 11")*
OR #54 *("Forever Uncut")*
Old Reliable #55
("Saturday Night Special")
OR #56 *("Basic Black, Vol. 5")*
OR #57 *("Men on the Mat")*
Old Reliable #58
("Some Old Friends, Part 1")
Old Reliable #59
("Some Old Friends, Part 2")
OR #60 *("Pretty Guys")*
OR #61 *("Wild Men")*
OR #62 *("Uncut #4")*
Old Reliable #63
("You Want Muscles?!")
OR #72 *("Collection #5")*
Old Reliable #73
("The Size of the Matter")
Old Reliable #74
("The Young and Restless")

Special Interest
Foreskin Fantasy I: Ritual
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from Nova
Boys Town:
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Brian's Boys
Caught in the Act
The Cruiser
Heroes
Hot Lunch
Hunk
Under Construction

other
All Hands on Dick
(j/o, safe-sex)
Bad, Bad Boys
Bad Habits
Boots and Saddles
Both Ways *(bi-sexual)*
Catching Up
Cuming of Age
Daddy Dearest
Duplicated
Falconhead
Falconhead II
Forbidden Letters
Forbidden Portraits
Golden Years
Horse, Vol. 1
Hot Splash
In the Name of Leather
Ivy League
Make It Hard
Men's Room
Mind Games
More Mind Games
Moving
New Kid in Town
New York City Pro
New York Men
A Night at Halsted's
Palace of Pleasures
Rear Admiral
Rough Cut *(Steve Scott)*
Screen Test
Sleaze
Street Kids
Summer Fantasy
Summer of Scott Noll
Super Studs
They All Came
Wanted *(Steve Scott)*
White Trash
Wild Oats
Workout

~~$49.95~~ **NOW $44.95**

from Nova
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Big Brother Is Watching You
Dormitory Daze
Down on the Farm
Four in Hand
Heatwaves
His Little Brother
How I Got the Story
Kept after School
Little Brother's Coming Out
Locker Room Fever
Made to Order
The Main Attraction
Oh, Brother!
Shore Leave
Something Wild
That Boy Next Door
Tubtricks

from William Higgins
The Boys of Venice
Jocks *(with Jack Wrangler)*
Kip Noll and the Westside Boys
A Married Man
Rear Deliveries
Strictly for Ladies Only

other
The Adventures of Marc Noll
Armed Forces Workout
(not X-rated; exercise only)
Best of the Superstars
Bijou
Black Brothers
Black Forbidden Fantasies
Black Orient Express
Black Sex Therapy
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Breakdown *(Jack Travis Brentwood Classic)*
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California's Golden Boys
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Death of Scorpio
Deep Passage
Dynamite
Exposed
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Friends Are Best
Golden Boys of the SS
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The Harder They Fall
(also called "Trouble Shooters")
Harley's Angels
Hot Trash
Humungous
Humungous II
In Search of the Perfect Man
Italian Stallion
Jeff Noll's Buddies
Juice
Kid Brother
Kiss Today Goodbye
Le Voyeur
(from P.M. Productions)
Locker Jocks
Manholes I
Manholes II
Men between Themselves
Men Come First
Muscle Bound
Mustang #1 *("Teach Me")*
Mustang #2
("Something Dirty")
Mustang #3
("Three-Way Climax")
Mustang #4 *("School's Out")*
New York Construction Co.
Oil Rig #99
Opposites Attract
Pieces of Eight
Pier Groups
Point Me toward Tomorrow
Prison for Life
The Prostitute
Pygmalion
Quarterback
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Sex Machine
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Song of the Loon
(soft-core classic love story)
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Supercharger
Sweatbox
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Thanks for Coming
Tough Guys
Trisexual
Trouble Shooters
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Voyeur
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Young Ones
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Boys from New Jersey
California Fox
Encounters of a Different Kind
Games Men Play
Hard Luck Number
The Hard Way *(Jack Travis Brentwood Classic)*
Homecoming
Hot Numbers 1–4
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Killing Me Gently
Kip Noll's Casting Couch
L.A. Plays Itself
Leather Narcissus
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Man's Country
Navy Blue
Nine-Plus
Split Image
Star Shots, Vol. 1
(Rick Donovan)
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Star Shots, Vol. 3 *(Chris Burns)*
Star Shots, Vol. 4 *(Melchor)*
Star Shots, Vol. 5
(Richard Locke)
Star Shots, Vol. 6 *(J.D. Slater)*
Straight
Twelve at Noon *(Steve Scott)*
We'll Meet Again

aerobics/striptease not hard-core
Beyond Briefs *(striptease)*
California Big Hunks *(no nudity)*
Males in Motion *(striptease)*
Superman '87

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Abduction in the Park
Black Hanky Left
("Leather Lover")
Box Encounter
Celebration
Creme de Banana
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Grey Hanky Left *(bondage)*
Hollywood Liberty
The Honorable Jones
Hot Flashes
Hot Shots 1–12 *($34.95 each)*
Hot Shots 13 *(bi-sexual)*

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cheap thrills

House Detective
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Lifeguard
Light Blue Hanky Left
("Oral Expert")
Macho Grande
Mondo Nexus
Mustard Hanky Right
(Eight inches or more)
Naked City Nights
Navy Blue Hanky Left
Night Beat
976-MANN
Olive Drab Hanky Left
("Uniforms")
Orange Hanky Left
("Anything, Anytime")
Poker Studs
Pure Fantasies
Ramrod #1 *("AWOL")*
Ramrod #2 *("Everhard")*
Ramrod #3 *("Mouthful")*
Ramrod #4
("Two Hard to Handle")
Raoul's Masterpiece
Robin's Egg Blue Hanky *(69)*
Rushing
Safe Sex
Savage Rides Again
Singlehanded
Studhunter, Vol. 1
Studhunter, Vol. 2
Their Tender Moments
Tub Studs
White Hanky Left *(j/o)*
Wrestling Studs
Writer's Delight
Young Stallions

aerobics/striptease

Aerobiflex *(with Scott Madsen)*
Anatomy of a Male Stripper
Knight Fever *(dance)*
Muscle Motion *(exercise with Chippendale dancers)*

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Headtrip
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Love They Neighbor
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Top Man
Trips

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Beautiful Young Dreamers
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Bi-Sexual Fantasy
Black Delivery
Boarding School Hero
Body Heat
The Boys in the Bath
Buckskin Bosun
Busy Boys
Chained
Cocky Cruisin'
Confidential Case Histories
Cram Course
Cycle Studs
Deadly Blows
Desires of the Devil
Fantasy Island
Foreskin Fantasy III: Phantasm
Guys Who Do
Handy Randy Guys
Hard Hat
High Rollers
Hot for Cash
Hot Jobs
Hottest Hunks in Town
Impulse
Inmates
Interludes
Interview
Ladies' Choice *(striptease)*
Leather Bond
Man Handlers I
Man Handlers II
Manhandler Collection
Memories
Men of Big Sur
The Peeper
Pick-Up
Quickies #1-#8 *($24.95 each)*
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The Secret Tablets of Rama
Six Card Stud
Snow Balling
Sons of Satan
Street Boys
Tall Timber
Thrust
The Unsatisfied
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Working Men

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Eyes of a Gay Stranger
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Fun Buns
High Riders
Hollywood at Large
House of Sir
Initiation Rites
Intimate Moments
Island of Passion
Log Jammin'
Meat Rack
Midnight Special, Vol. 1-6
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Mode de Sade
A Night to Remember
On the Street
Pink Narcissus
PM Preview Tapes 1-3
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P.S. Connection, Vol. 2
Rock Hard *(30 minute j/o)*
Sea Cadets
Shooting Stars, Vol. 1
(Chris Thomson)
Shooting Stars, Vol. 2
(Michael Christopher)
Shooting Stars, Vol. 3
(Michael Cummings)
Shooting Stars, Vol. 4
(Jeremy Scott)
Shooting Stars, Vol. 5
(J.D. Slater)
Shooting Stars, Vol. 6
(Chris Allen)
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Stars in Your Eyes
Trick
USDA Choice
Variations
of the American Male
Youngblood
Youthful Lust

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The Wild Guys
The Young Stimulators

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Erotikus: History of Gay Movies
Games Without Rules
His Master's Touch
Hollywood Cowboy
The Kid from L.A.
Michael, Angelo, and David
Pool Party
Portrait of Dorian Gay
Sins of Johnny X
Two Days in a Hot Place
Where Joey Lives

other

Alone & Private

Sale prices are in effect January 22-April 30, 1988

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head down into the pillow; a tremor passes through my body. He remains exactly where he is until he feels my tension begin to subside.

"You can take it. Just keep telling yourself that. Come on, say it out loud."

"No, I—"
"Say it!"
"I...can..."
"Take it!"
"Take...it."
"Say it again."
"I can...I can take it."
"Again!"
"I can take it. I can take it."

I keep it up, chanting the words over and over, matching my rhythm to that of his strokes. The faster he piles deeper into my ass, the louder I yell. By the time I feel him shoot his load deeper within me than anyone else has ever shot, I'm screaming at the top of my lungs.

Afterwards, there is silence between us.

As his breathing returns to normal, he holds me close and rolls over on his back, keeping me firmly impaled on his prick. Taking my long-neglected hard-on in hand, he brings me off with a minimum of effort.

I slide off him and onto the bed. He studies the cum tracks on my stomach for a few seconds, then leans over and licks up the longest one.

"Mmm...you sure didn't take long to shoot."

"It doesn't take much when you've got a goddamn battering ram up your ass."

He laughs. "Was I too rough on you?"

I look at him for a moment, wondering how to reply. "Let's just say, next time you're going to have to take a little more time getting in."

"How long do you need?"

"To handle something that big?"

"No. To rest up before we do it again?"

"I don't know. A week. Maybe ten days."

"You've got half an hour. Maybe twenty minutes."

"Hey, if you think—"

"You can take it."

"Kurt, listen..."

"Repeat after me: I can take it."

"No, Kurt, *you* repeat after *me*: I am a son of a bitch."

"Yeah, a real bastard—with a ten-and-a-half-inch dick. Which I think you're going to get addicted to real fast."

"You're a bastard, all right."

"*Real* fast."

"Jerk."

"Boy," he says, placing my legs on his shoulders, "this time when I fuck you, I want you to look me in the eye. And you know what you're going to see when you do?"

I stare into his face. He looks beautiful to me.

"You're going to see Mr. Right."

Just beautiful. ■

CHRISTOPHER RAGE

CHRISTOPHER RAGE's
MY MASTERS

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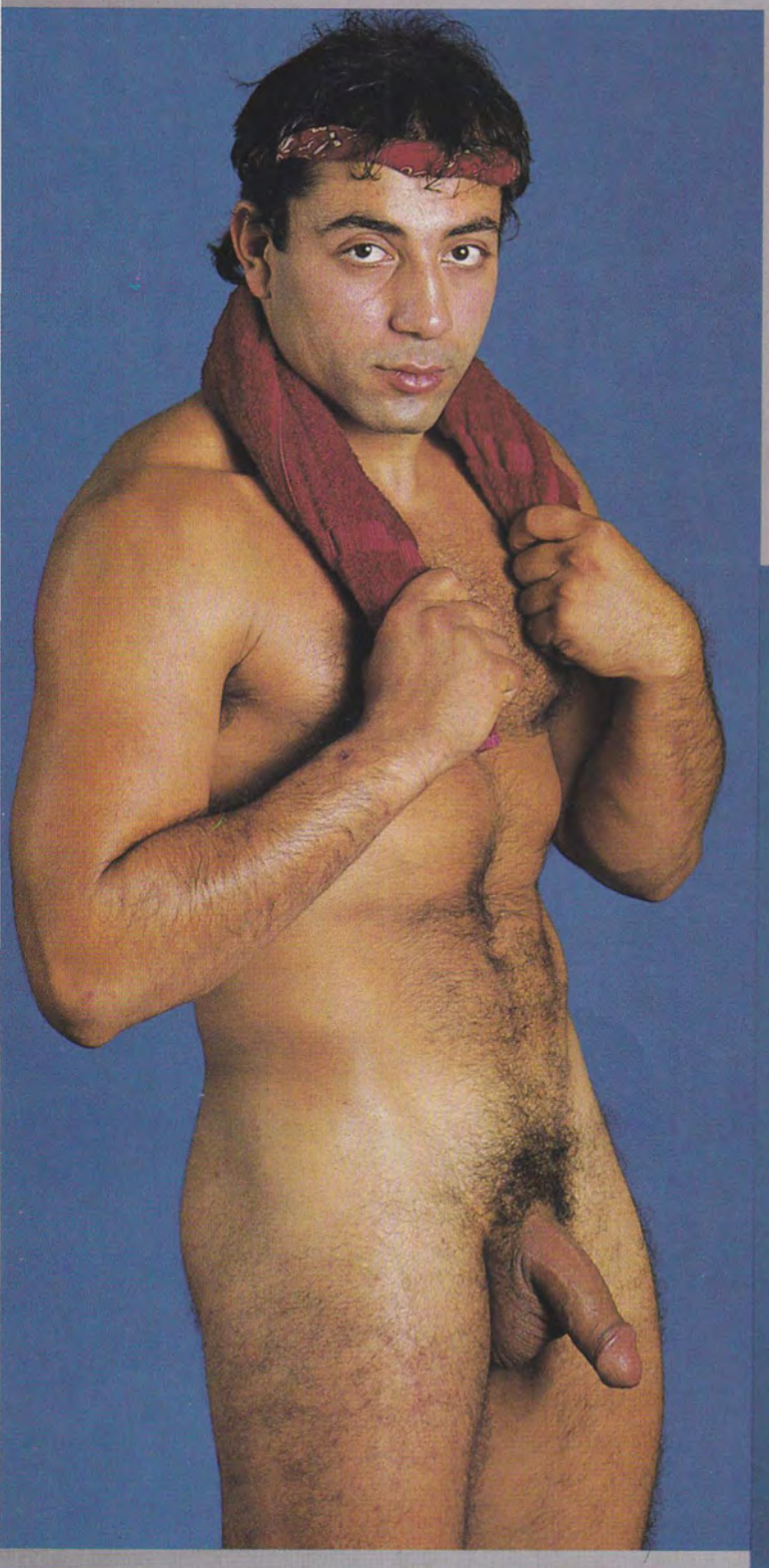

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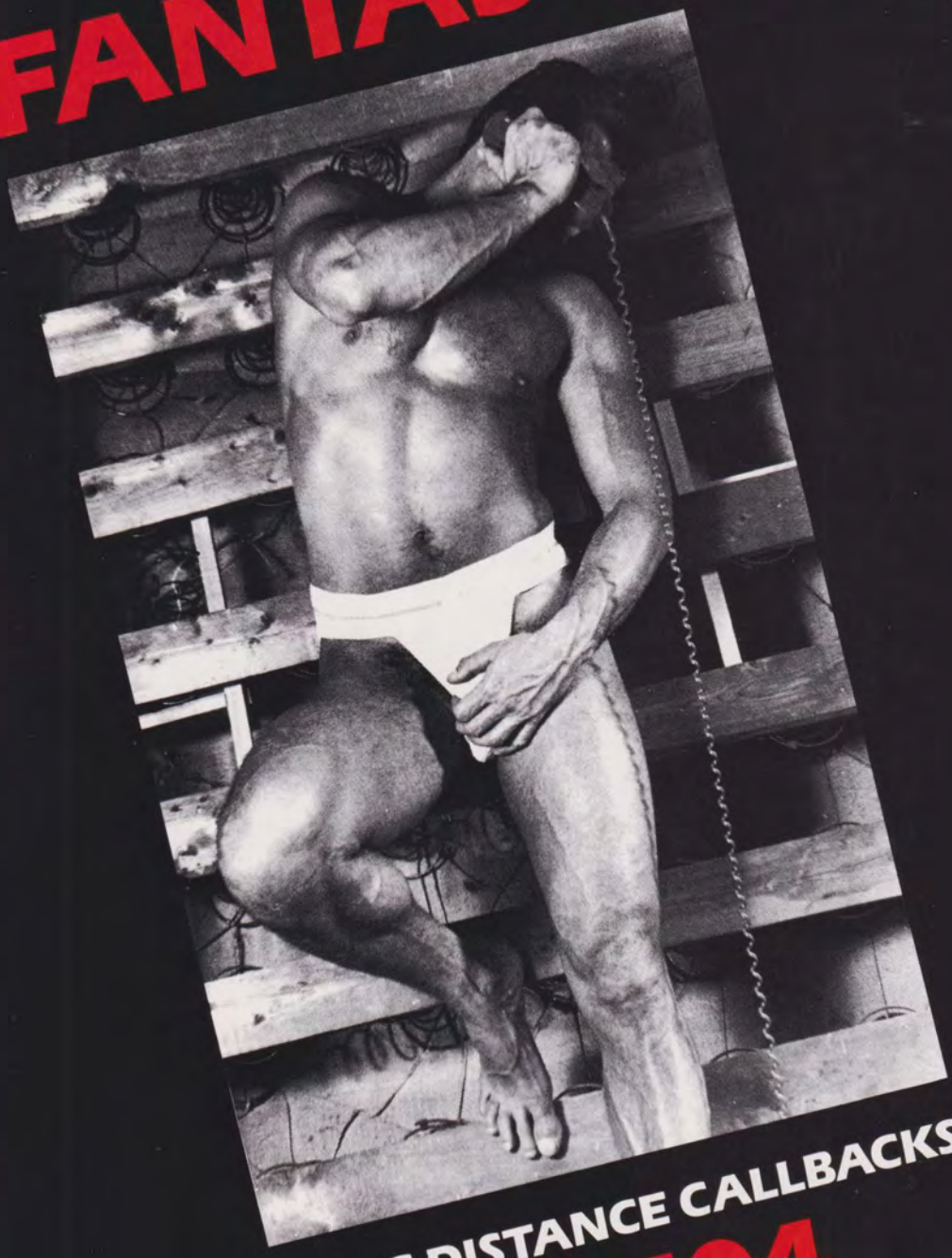

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